SPIDER-MAN'S TANGLED WEB

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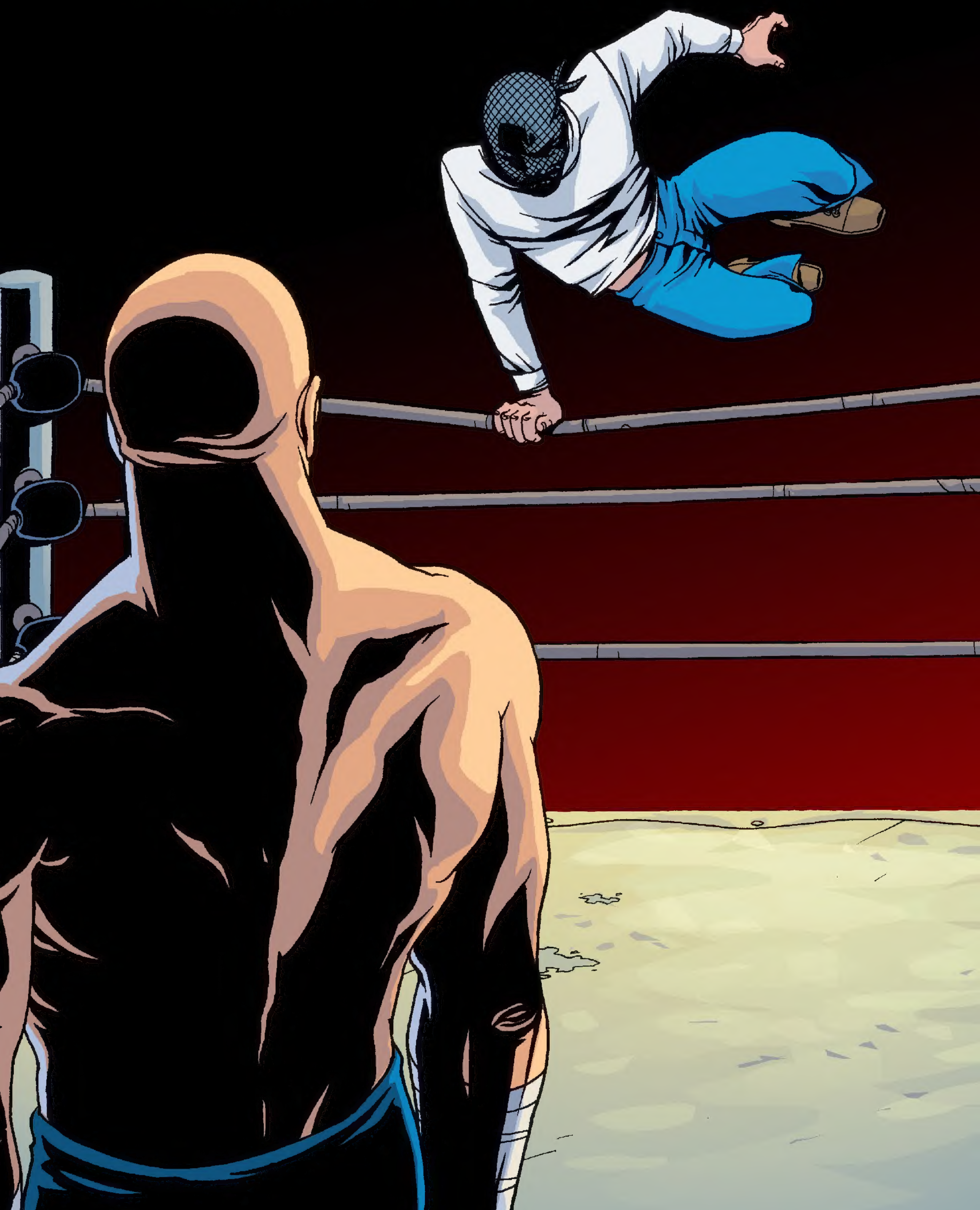
SPIDER-MAN'S TANGLED WEB



SPIDER-MAN's TANGLED WEB

I WAS A TEENAGE FROG-MAN

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#12

DIM-SUM

DIM-SUM

SUNDAY

ISKY

AMPHIBIAN FANTASY

FROG-MAN

Frogmon
01

AND THAT IS HOW YOU GIVE A PUPPY A HAIRCUT! BACK TO YOU, JON!

THANKS, TERRY! AND NOW WE GO FROM PUPPIES TO FROGS.

RIBBIT!

THAT'S RIGHT, COCO! EARLIER TODAY OUR VERY OWN LOCAL SUPER-VILLAIN, VINCENT COLORITO -- A.K.A. "LEAPFROG" -- WAS PAROLED FROM EVANSVILLE PENITENTIARY.

VINCENT, HOW DOES IT FEEL TO MAKE THE LEAP INTO FREEDOM?

JUST GREAT. I LOOK FORWARD TO REJOINING SOCIETY AND FINALLY MAKING MY FAMILY PROUD.

DOES THIS MEAN THAT YOUR DAYS AS THE LEAPFROG -- OR "FROGMAN" -- ARE OVER?

WITHOUT A DOUBT, MA'AM. MY HOPPING DAYS ARE OVER. YOU WON'T SEE ME ON SO MUCH AS A POGO STICK, I GUARANTEE IT.

HA HA, SEEMS LIKE A NICE GUY. AS MOST OF YOU KNOW, LOCAL RESIDENT VINCENT COLORITO FIRST MADE THE NEWS AS A NOTORIOUS THIEF WHO USED MAGNETIC FOOT-SPRINGS TO PROPEL HIMSELF --

BOING!

...ER, THANKS, COCO! -- TO PROPEL HIMSELF THROUGH THE AIR...

...UNFORTUNATELY, THIS MODEST ABILITY CAME FAR SHORT OF CHALLENGING BIG CITY SUPER HEROES LIKE THE **SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN!**

STILL, LEAP-FROG -- OR "FROG-MAN" -- BECAME A **SENSATION** IN **SUBURBIA...**

...I'M MORE EMBARRASSED THAN ANYTHING. HONESTLY! MY OWN NEIGHBOR DRESSING UP LIKE A **FROG!**

...HE'S JUST A GUY TRYING TO BUCK THE **SYSTEM.** IN A FROG SUIT.

THIS IS **NOT** HAPPENING.

...SUBURBIA ABUZZ WITH THE NEWS OF VINCENT'S RELEASE, THE QUESTION MUST BE ASKED: HAVE WE SEEN THE **LAST** OF THE FROG-MAN?

FOR **HIS** SAKE, I SURE **HOPE** SO.

I DON'T KNOW, HE KIND OF MAKES ME LAUGH.

WHAT **DOESN'T,** COCO? -- COMING UP NEXT, DR. DAN SHOWS US FOUR EASY STEPS TO A **CLEANER COLON.**

WELL, THREE EASY STEPS AND ONE **HARD** ONE...

LOOKS LIKE DAD MADE PAROLE.

MY COLON IS THE LEAST OF MY WORRIES.

TOMORROW, I CEASE TO BE EUGENE COLORITO, MILD MANNERED DORK...

...AND GO BACK TO BEING *"SON OF FROG-MAN,"* **SOCIAL LEPER.**

I was a teenage FROG-MAN!

Zeb Wells Writer Duncan Fegredo Art & Colors

RS & Comicraft Letters
John Miesegaes Assist. Editor
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EUGENE, YOU A'IGHT?

NO, JEROME. I'M VERY FAR FROM "A'IGHT."

UHM. AIN'T PAROLE CONSIDERED A GOOD THING WHEN IT'S YOUR POPS GETTIN' OUT? LEAST YOU CAN GET OUT OF YOUR AUNT'S CRIB.

YEAH, I CAN MOVE BACK IN WITH THE FATHER WHO, THE WORLD HAS JUST BEEN REMINDED, IS THE FREAKING FROG-MAN! WHY DON'T THEY JUST DO A NEWSBREAK TO ASK EVERYONE TO MAKE MY LIFE A LIVING HELL?

I'M OVERREACTING, RIGHT? PLEASE TELL ME I'M OVERREACTING.

CHILL, YO. IT RAN ON THE LOCAL NEWS RIGHT AFTER A STORY ABOUT PUPPY HYGIENE. ONLY SOCCER MOMS WATCH THAT CRAP.

NOT TODAY, JEROME. TODAY THEY'LL ALL BE WATCHING!

THOSE VULTURES AT SCHOOL CAN SMELL BLOOD A MILE AWAY. REMEMBER WHEN MY DAD FIRST GOT ARRESTED? THEY CLIPPED AND MEMORIZED EVERY ARTICLE EVER WRITTEN ABOUT HIM!

ONLY BY ADHERING TO A STRICT REGIMEN OF CONFORMITY HAVE I GOTTEN THIS CLOSE TO BEING GENUINELY TOLERATED. I MEAN, I WAS EVEN THINKING ABOUT ASKING BRIDGET BUYERS TO HOMECOMING!

WHOA! JUST 'CAUSE PEOPLE BEEN LEAVIN' YOU ALONE LATELY DON'T MEAN YOU'RE READY TO JOIN THE PLAYAZ CLUB.

YOU KNOW, JEROME, BRIDGET MIGHT LIKE ME! HAVE YOU SEEN ANY OTHER GIRL PAY AS MUCH ATTENTION TO ME AS HER?

CASUAL CRUELTY IS ATTENTION, I'LL GIVE YOU THAT.

COME ON! THAT'S HOW GIRLS SHOW THEY LIKE YOU. WE LEARNED THAT IN THE FIRST GRADE.

LAUGH ALL YOU WANT, JEROME. EUGENE COLORITO HAD A CHANCE WITH BRIDGET, BUT NOT THE SON OF THE RIDICULOUS FROGMA --

OOPS.

SON.

DAD.

WHOA. LOOKS LIKE IT'S ABOUT TIME FOR *"TOUCHED BY AN ANGEL."* SEE YA TOMORROW, EUGENE. KEEP IT REAL, MR. C.

"KEEP IT REAL"? WHAT DOES THAT EVEN MEAN?

OH NO.

I *MISSED* YOU, SON!

WH- WHAT'S GOING ON?

I DIDN'T WANT TO EMBARRASS YOU IN FRONT OF YOUR FRIEND THERE.

YEAH... THAT'S THE *LAST* THING YOU'D WANT TO DO.

AND HEY, YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY. LEAP-FROG'S LIFE OF CRIME IS OVER AND DONE!

IT TAKES A LOT OF AUDACITY TO CALL A CAREER DEFINED BY DEGRADING BEATINGS A *"LIFE OF CRIME."*

THAT'S *GREAT,* DAD. BUT WHAT'S WITH ALL THE *NEWS COVERAGE?*

HEY, YOUR OLD MAN WAS QUITE THE VILLAIN IN HIS DAY. THERE'S A LOT OF HEARTWARMING POTENTIAL IN ME TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF -- OR SHOULD I SAY *LILY PAD!*

OH THE *PUNS.* THE HORRIBLE, HORRIBLE PUNS.

WELL, I HOPE THE KIDS AT SCHOOL SEE IT THAT WAY.

WEDNESDAY.

BOINK

HEY, EUGENE! I SAW YOUR DAD MAKING A BOOTY CALL TO MISS PIGGY LAST NIGHT!

SO IT BEGINS.

NEWS HAS SPREAD, IT HAS DEFINITELY SPREAD.

"FROG-MAN JUNIOR"! WE GOT A **PROPOSITION** FOR YOU.

THIS OUGHTA BE GOOD.

WE'RE TRYING TO FORM A GROUP OF VILLAINS TO BE ROUTINELY ***HUMILIATED*** BY SPIDER-MAN...

...AND WE NEED A LEADER WITH, YOU KNOW, ***EXPERIENCE!***

THIS IS WHERE I TRADE A SMALL PART OF MY SOUL TO AVOID A SEVERE BEATING.

HEY. WOW. GOOD ONE, GUYS. MY DAD'S PRETTY LAME.

HA HA HA

HA HA

FROGBOY

EUGENE, 'SUP, DAWG?

WE WERE SEEING IF FROGBOY'S DAD WAS COMING OUT OF RETIREMENT.

YEAH. WE'D LIKE TO MEET THE FROG-MAN.

'COURSE YOU WOULD, TONY -- SEEIN' AS YOU'VE NEVER MET YOUR OWN DAD. AND J.J., I'M SURE YOUR DAD COULD TAKE SOME POINTERS FROM EUGENE'S.

HEY! MY DAD NEVER DRESSED UP LIKE A SUPER-VILLAIN!

WELL, WRAPPING YOUR CAR AROUND A TELEPHONE POLE DOESN'T REALLY WARRANT A COSTUME, BUT "THE DRUNK DRIVER" DOES HAVE A CERTAIN RING TO IT.

MOMMY... SAYS... DADDY DIDN'T LOVE US... ANYMORE...

GEE, TONY, CAN'T SEE ***WHY.*** C'MON, EUGENE, LET'S BOUNCE.

HOW DO YOU *GET AWAY* WITH THAT?

LOOK AT ME, EUGENE. I'M A HIP HOP *URKEL*. IT'S NOT WORTH THEIR TIME TO CHALLENGE ME FOR MY SPOT ON THE TOTEM POLE. *YOU*, ON THE OTHER HAND, ARE TOO *"FAMOUS"* TO PASS UP.

YEAH, EVEN *BRIDGET* SEEMS TO HAVE JUMPED ON THE BAND-WAGON...

YOU ACTUALLY WENT THROUGH WITH YOUR LITTLE SUICIDE MISSION. WHAT DID SHE *SAY?*

A VERY DEFINITE "NO." THEN, SHE MADE SOME JOKE ABOUT *"FROGGER,"* BUT A CROWD GATHERED AND THEIR LAUGHTER OBSCURED THE PUNCHLINE.

OUCH. I GUESS HOMEGIRL GETS POINTS FOR ORIGINALITY. I *TOLD* YOU YOU WERE CONFUSING *BLATANT CRUELTY* WITH *FLIRTING.*

YOU'RE RIGHT. MY LIFE LOOKS MORE LIKE A *SUPER-VILLAIN ORIGIN* EVERY DAY.

THERE HAS TO BE *SOME WAY* I CAN DIVERT EVERYONE'S ATTENTION AWAY FROM MY DAD. SOMETHING TO CHANGE MY IMAGE.

YO, IF YOU WANT TO STARE INTO THE MOUTH OF MADNESS AND TRY TO FIT IN WITH THESE PEOPLE, YOU'LL PROBABLY HAVE TO DO SOMETHING YOU'LL REGRET.

DESTRUCTIVE HABITS *DO* CARRY A SORT OF *MYSTIQUE...*

YEAH. JUST LOOK AT YOUR *DAD.*

HEY THERE, SON! HOW WAS YOUR DAY?

LIFE-SCARRING, DAD. HOW ABOUT YOU?

Y'KNOW, FOR A LOCAL CELEBRITY I SURE AM HAVING A HARD TIME FINDING A ***JOB.***

BUT HECK, I ONLY GET TO LEAVE THE HOUSE FOR A FEW HOURS AT A TIME THANKS TO ***THIS*** LITTLE BABY.

OH THIS IS TOO MUCH.

HEY, DAD, I'VE NEVER ASKED YOU, WHAT MADE YOU USE YOUR *"POWERS"*...

AND I USE THAT TERM LOOSELY.

...FOR ***EVIL*** -- WELL ***MISCHIEF*** AT LEAST -- AND NOT GOOD?

WELL, EUGENE, IT WAS ***DESPERATION,*** I GUESS. TIMES WERE ***DIFFERENT*** THEN. I WAS OUT OF A JOB AND IT SEEMED LIKE THERE WAS A NEW HERO OR VILLAIN POPPING UP ABOUT EVERY DAY. I DIDN'T THINK ANYONE WOULD PAY ATTENTION TO SOME GUY IN A FROG SUIT JUST TRYING TO GET A FEW DOLLARS.

BUT WHY COULDN'T YOU JUST ***FIGHT CRIME*** OR SOMETHING? WHY BECOME A VILLAIN?

SON, SUPER-VILLAINS ***TAKE*** MONEY, SUPER HEROES ***RETURN*** MONEY. I ***NEEDED*** MONEY. I DIDN'T HAVE ANY ILLUSIONS OF SAVING THE WORLD OR BEING INVITED TO DINNER AT AVENGERS MANSION DRESSING UP LIKE A FROG.

THEN WHY NOT GET A ***REAL*** JOB?

BECAUSE... WELL BE --

KNOCK KNOCK

WASN'T GETTING ANYWHERE WITH DAD, ANYWAY. THIS CAN'T BE THE GENERATION GAP, CAN IT? IT'S NOT LIKE WE'RE DISAGREEING ON POLITICS.

KNOCK KNOCK

WHOA, SETTLE DOWN THERE. IT MUST BE DAD'S PAROLE OFFICER OR...

...SOMETHING.

HI THERE. I'M LOOKING FOR VINCENT COLORITO. THE EFFIGY OF FROGMAN HANGING FROM YOUR TREE TELLS ME I'M PROBABLY IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

OH. YEAH. THE KIDS AT SCHOOL.

WILL WORK FOR DIGNITY

M-MY NAME'S EUGENE, BY THE WAY. VINCENT... THE FROGMAN... IS MY *DAD*.

I'M SORRY.

LOOK, I JUST STOPPED BY TO SEE IF OL' VINNIE'S KEEPING HIS NOSE CLEAN.

WELL THEN, YOU CAN JUST TURN AROUND AND LEAVE!

UH-OH.

NO NEED TO GET SNIPPY ON ME, VINCENT. WHY, YOU LOOK *HOPPING* MAD.

YOU KNOW, I GAVE UP THE SUPER-VILLAIN BIZ SO I WOULDN'T HAVE TO HEAR ANY MORE ONE-LINERS FROM YOU, SPIDER-MAN! YOU'D BETTER HAVE A GOOD REASON FOR WALKING INTO MY HOUSE.

LET'S JUST SAY THIS IS A ***COURTESY CALL*** TO MAKE SURE YOU WERE COMPLETELY SATISFIED WITH THE LAST BEATING I GAVE YOU.

I'VE ALREADY GOT ONE PAROLE OFFICER, SPIDER-MAN, AND I HAVEN'T NEEDED A BABYSITTER SINCE I LEARNED HOW TO DRESS MYSELF.

VINCENT, I'VE ***SEEN*** YOU IN COSTUME. I'M STILL NOT CONVINCED YOU ***CAN*** DRESS YOURSELF.

HEY ***I'M*** NOT THE ONE WEARING RED WITH A ***BROWN*** JACKET! AND IF YOU THINK I'M STUPID ENOUGH TO KEEP A FROG SUIT AROUND HERE...

I JUST CAN'T SEE REED RICHARDS AND DOCTOR DOOM HAVING THIS CONVERSATION.

VINCENT, I HAVE A LAUNDRY LIST OF STUPID THINGS YOU'VE DONE IN THE PAST. NOW, IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE TRYING TO MAKE A LIFE FOR YOURSELF HERE AND I CAN RESPECT THAT.

BUT REST ASSURED, IF YOU SO MUCH AS HOP OVER A CRACK IN THE SIDEWALK, I'LL BRING YOU DOWN SO FAST YOUR...

SCREEEEE

MY CAB!

VINCENT... CAN I USE YOUR PHONE?

WELL, THAT WAS INTERESTING. I GUESS IT'S A GOOD THING YOU ***DIDN'T*** HOLD ON TO ANY OF YOUR OLD COSTUMES.

WHAT ARE YOU ***TALKING*** ABOUT? I'VE GOT ABOUT ***FIVE*** HIDDEN OUT IN THE GARAGE.

WHAT?! YOU ***LIED*** TO SPIDER-MAN?!

LOOK, EUGENE, I'M MY OWN MAN. FOR BETTER OR WORSE, THOSE SUITS ARE MY ***LIFE'S WORK*** -- I CAN'T JUST THROW THEM AWAY.

WALK HOME! ARE YOU CRAZY! IT'S NOT A SKI MASK, IT'S A ***COSTUME!*** HELLO? ***HELLO?***

LOOK, VINCENT, I'M SORRY I CAME ON SO STRONG. I'M JUST TRYING TO DO A LITTLE MORE FOLLOW-UP WORK TO SEE IF IT SAVES ME ANY TIME ON THE BACK END.

WELL HECK. I KIND OF FLEW OFF THE HANDLE THERE TOO, SPIDER-MAN, BUT YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME HERE. I'M BACK ON THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW. ***FOR GOOD.***

WISH I COULD GIVE YOU A RIDE HOME BUT, Y'KNOW, THE WHOLE ***HOUSE ARREST*** THING.

NOT TO WORRY. A BUS WILL DO. I ***GUESS.*** IT WAS NICE TO MEET YOU, EUGENE, GOOD LUCK AT SCHOOL.

WILL WORK FOR DIGNITY

THANKS, SPIDER-M --

HONK HONK

AHHH, HOW CUTE. LOOKS LIKE THE FROG-MAN AND THE SPIDER-MAN ARE MAKING UP!

HEY SPIDEY! YOU GONNA GIVE HIM A KISS?!

Y'KNOW ITS FUNNY. I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN...

WHAT'S ***THAT?***

HOW MUCH I ***DON'T*** MISS HIGH SCHOOL.

I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S MR. LETZMER OR SOME HIGHER POWER.

BUT SOMEONE DEFINITELY HATES ME.

NOW, CLASS, IT IS IMPORTANT THAT WE TREAT OUR LITTLE GREEN FRIENDS WITH THE RESPECT THAT THEY DESERVE. I DON'T THINK IT'S ANY SECRET THAT FROG DISSECTIONS BY HIGH SCHOOL KIDS HAVE LED TO SOME GREAT SCIENTIFIC ADVANCEMENTS LIKE --

EUGENE! EUGENE... I... AM... YOUR... FATHER.

TONY SLIMMS! PUT THAT FROG DOWN THIS INSTANT OR SO HELP ME I'LL SHOVE THIS TEST TUBE SO FAR UP YOUR --

OH WAIT. I GET IT. heh heh. EUGENE'S DAD.

HIS DAD'S... ha ha... WOW, THAT'S REALLY GOOD STUFF, TONY, I MEAN THAT.

OKAY, LET'S GET READY TO MAKE OUR FIRST INCISION. EUGENE, I'LL UNDERSTAND IF YOU'D LIKE TO SIT THIS ONE OUT... hee hee... WOULDN'T WANT TO GET YOU CUT OUT OF THE WILL.

MAN, HEARD THINGS GOT A LITTLE WACK IN BIO TODAY.

YEAH, MR. LETZMER PUT ON AN ***INSENSITIVITY CLINIC*** FOR THE REST OF THE CLASS. WHY IS IT EVERYONE'S PERSONAL MISSION TO REMIND ME THAT MY DAD SUCKS?

HEY! FROG-MAN ***SUCKS!***

WELL, EUGENE, FIRST OFF, YOUR DAD'S A ***SCHLUB*** FROM THE ***'BURBS*** WHO THOUGHT HE COULD PLAY WITH THE ***BIG BOYS*** IN THE ***CITY***. NO ONE AROUND HERE WANTS SOMEONE ACTING BETTER THAN THEY ARE.

SECOND, HE DESIGNS THE MOST AGGRESSIVELY OBNOXIOUS COSTUME THIS SIDE OF ***LIBERACE***.

AND THIRD, HE DOESN'T EVEN HAVE THE DECENCY TO ***FIGHT CRIME!***

AT LEAST HE NEVER ***HURT*** ANYONE.

THAT'S THE ***POINT!*** HE WAS A ***COMPLETE FAILURE***, THE WORST SUPER-VILLAIN EVER! AND THAT'S SAYING A LOT -- I MEAN, THERE'S THE ***RHINO***, THE ***GIBBON***, ***TYPEFACE***, ***ROCKET RACER*** --

ALRIGHT! I GET YOUR POINT! I THINK I LIKE YOU BETTER WHEN YOU'RE TALKING LIKE SNOOP.

--AND DON'T THINK AN ENTIRE COMMUNITY OF PEOPLE WITH NOTHING BETTER TO DO ARE GOING TO LET HIM -- OR ***YOU*** -- FORGET THAT.

I DON'T THINK HE EVEN ***WANTS*** TO FORGET.

HE SAYS HE'S GOT FROG-MAN COSTUMES IN A BOX IN THE GARAGE.

WOW! SO DID YOU TRY ONE ON YET?

WHAT?

WELL, YOU KNOW YOU HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO FIGHT CRIME AND ***REDEEM*** YOUR FATHER'S NAME.

REALLY?

NO, EUGENE. TRY TO GROW UP A LITTLE, YO.

HEY, SON.

HEY, DAD. WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR ***KNEE?***

WELL I'VE GOT SOME GOOD NEWS. IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR OLD MAN ISN'T DOWN FOR THE COUNT YET. LOOKS LIKE I GOT A ***JOB!***

YOU'RE LOOKING AT A PROUD EMPLOYEE OF ***BARGAIN BOB'S USED CARS!***

DAD, ISN'T BEING A CAR SALESMAN SOME SORT OF ***PAROLE VIOLATION?*** I MEAN, THAT'S JUST ONE STEP ABOVE BEING A ***BOOKIE.***

WHOA THERE, EUGENE! I'M NOT SELLING CARS. I'M GONNA BE ON ***TV!*** WE ALREADY SHOT A ***COMMERCIAL*** TODAY, WE MADE IT UP ON THE SPOT!

OH LORD, PLEASE MAKE IT STOP.

HEY! I'M FROG-FACE AND I'M MARKING UP ALL OF BARGAIN BOB'S USED CARS. HEY, WHO'S GONNA STOP ME!?

NOT SO FAST, FROG-FACE!

FROG FACE

WHAAAAP!

GAAAHHHH!

*THAT'S WHAT YOU GET, FROG-FACE! NOBODY RAISES BARGAIN BOB'S PRICES! **NOBODY!***

HOW CAN ONE MAN BE SO IMPERVIOUS TO SHAME?

I THOUGHT ABOUT WHAT YOU SAID, ABOUT USING THE PERSONA OF A GIANT FROG FOR ***GOOD*** INSTEAD OF MISCHIEF. I THOUGHT I'D BETTER STRIKE WHILE THE IRON IS HOT.

WHAAAP! WHAAAP! WHAAAP!

I'M NOT DONE WITH YOU YET, YOU FIEND!

GAAAAHH! OKAY I'M SORRY!

OF COURSE, ***LEGALLY*** I'M NOT ALLOWED TO WEAR THE FROG-MAN COSTUME SO WE HAD TO MODIFY IT, BUT I THINK THE ***SPIRIT*** IS STILL THERE.

DAD.

THEY'LL EDIT MY VOICE OUT WHEN I'M BEGGING FOR MERCY. AND NEXT TIME, THEY PROMISE THEY'LL GET A STUNT MAN TO TAKE THE BEATING.

DAD.

HERE. LET ME ***REWIND*** THIS.

*AS A SUPER-VILLAIN, MY DAD WAS AT LEAST VAGUELY MENACING, EVEN IF NO ONE TOOK HIM SERIOUSLY. BUT **THIS** -- HOW COULD HE DO SOMETHING SO GARISH?*

IF I COULD JUST FIND A PLACE THAT DIDN'T THROW MY PATHETIC LIFE RIGHT IN MY FACE...

WILL WORK FOR DIGNITY

HEY FROGBOY! CROAK ON ***THIS!***

SCREEEEEE

IT CAN'T GET WORSE THAN THIS, CAN IT?

EXTRA CREDIT IF YOU CAN SCORE A HEAD SHOT!

YOU GOT IT, LETZMER!

I THINK THERE'S A GOOD POSSIBILITY... YEP, I JUST REACHED MY BOILING POINT.

HEY, EUGENE! COME CHECK THIS OUT! I'VE GOT IT PAUSED RIGHT WHERE BARGAIN BOB BLOWS OUT MY KNEE!

I CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS.

HEY, MAYBE I'LL GET WORKMAN'S COMP ON MY FIRST DAY!

I NEVER CHOSE TO BE THE SON OF THE FROG-MAN.

I NEVER ASKED TO HAVE MY ENTIRE IDENTITY TIED TO THE COSTUME OF A DELUSIONAL IDIOT.

I NEVER GOT TO CHOOSE HOW THIS COSTUME WAS USED.

BUT IF THEY'RE GOING TO CALL ME FROG-MAN...

FROG-MAN'S GOING TO EARN SOME RESPECT.

FRIDAY NIGHT.

IT'S GETTING LATE.

IT'S BEEN ONE HOUR SINCE I WENT OUT ON PATROL.

15 SECONDS SINCE I GOT UP THE NERVE TO **REALLY** USE THE FOOT SPRINGS...

GAAAAHHH!

...ONE SECOND SINCE I DECIDED TO GO FOR LARGE BODIES OF WATER WHEN I LAND.

AND THOUGH I'M OBVIOUSLY PUTTING MY LIFE IN DANGER, I COME TO A SAD CONCLUSION:

THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING EVEN REMOTELY CRIMINAL GOING ON TONIGHT.

NO WONDER MY DAD THOUGHT HE COULD MAKE IT IN THE BIG CITY. A GUST OF WIND COULD BRING THIS PLACE TO ITS KNEES.

WAIT A MINUTE!

THAT'S IT! WHAT DO KIDS DO WHEN THERE'S NOTHING TO DO?

THEY LOITER!

AND **WHERE** DO THEY LOITER? AT THE **PUMP 'N' GO** DOWN THE STREET!

AH. MISS BUYERS IS HANGING OUT WITH KNOWN TROUBLEMAKERS J.J. KOHAK AND TONY SLIMMS. LIKE ATTRACTS LIKE, I GUESS.

AND I'D BET WHAT'S LEFT OF MY LIFE THAT THIS MOTLEY CREW COULDN'T TELL ME HOW MANY FINGERS I WAS HOLDING UP RIGHT NOW.

THERE'S *NOTHIN'* TO DO AROUND HERE.

WELL, WE COULD STEAL SOME MORE BEEF JERKY.

BOINGG

OKAY, YOU LOITERING SONS OF -- GAAAHHH!

WHOA.

DUDE. IS THAT A *GIANT FROG?*

I HEAR YOU CAN *LICK* FROGS AND THEY MAKE YOU *SEE* STUFF.

I THINK I JUST COMPRESSED MY SPINE. GUESS I WON'T BE GETTING THAT FOOTBALL SCHOLARSHIP.

IS THAT *EUGENE?!*

SHUT UP. I THINK HE'S TRYING TO *SAY* SOMETHING.

FREEZE... COWARDS. YOUR... EXCESSIVE... LOITERING HAS BROUGHT YOU... THE PUNISHMENT... OF...

WHAT SHOULD WE *DO?*

MIGHT AS WELL *DEFEND* OURSELVES!

BAFF SLAP WHACK

OOOOW!

THE SAD PART IS THIS IS PRETTY MUCH PAR FOR MY LIFE.

EUGENE, EUGENE... I KNEW YOU WERE JUST LIKE YOUR DAD:

ALWAYS THINKING YOU'RE *BETTER* THAN YOU ARE.

THEN I HEAR SOMETHING THAT MAKES ME GO PALE WITH EMBARRASSMENT:

HEY DUDES, CAN WE LICK THE FROG WHEN YOU'RE DONE WITH HIM?

*NO, NOT THAT -- EVEN **WORSE**:*

EUGENE!

GET YOUR *HANDS* OFF MY *SON*, YOU LITTLE PUNKS!

HEY, OLD MAN, YOU'RE NOT EVEN SUPPOSED TO BE OUT OF YOUR HOUSE!

YEAH! AND AN *EX-CON* REALLY SHOULDN'T BE THREATENING MINORS. YOU CAN'T LAY A *FINGER* ON US.

OH I WON'T LAY A FINGER ON *YOU*, J.J. BUT IF YOU TOUCH MY SON AGAIN, I'M GOING TO BOUNCE DOWN THE STREET AND KICK THE LIVING TAR OUT OF YOUR *DAD*.

THEN, MAYBE I'LL CALL UP TONY'S LONELY LITTLE MOMMA AND SEE IF SHE WANTS TO GO OUT ON THE TOWN. IF HALF OF WHAT I'VE HEARD IS TRUE, IT SHOULDN'T BE TOO HARD TO LAND THAT DATE.

NOW, GET OUT OF THE WAY BEFORE I DECIDE IT'S *WORTH* TEN MORE YEARS TO TIE YOU BOTH INTO *LITTLE PRETZELS!*

YES
SIR
MY DAD'S A BIGGER BASTARD THAN TONY SLIMMS.
HOW COOL IS THAT!?
HEY EUGENE. UH... SORRY ABOUT THE DANCE. AND ALL THE KICKING.
WELL, IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO KISS ME AND SEE IF I TURN INTO A PRINCE.
WELL THAT DOES IT, I'M NEVER SPEAKING AGAIN.
WOW, YOU JUST ***DON'T CARE,*** DO YOU? THAT IS ***SO...*** COOL?
LET'S GET YOU HOME AND CLEANED UP AND -- ***HEY!*** -- I REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME I TRIED TO USE THOSE DAMN LEAPING COILS...
THANKS, DAD.
EL BARTO

...I HEARD THE GIRLISH SCREAM WHEN YOU SPRUNG OUT YOUR WINDOW AND FIGURED WHAT YOU WERE UP TO. YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T BE PLAYING AROUND WITH THAT SUIT, EUGENE.

YOU THINK?

HAD TO TINKER A LITTLE WITH MY ***ANKLE BRACELET***, BUT, HEY, ***I'M*** THE MAN WHO DEVISED A WAY TO ATTACH SPRINGS TO HIS SHOES -- I COULD DISABLE THAT LITTLE GIZMO ***BLINDFOLDED***.

NATURALLY.

SO THOSE WERE KIDS FROM SCHOOL WHO'VE BEEN ***HARASSING*** YOU?

YEAH, THOUGH I DON'T THINK THEY'LL BE BOTHERING ME ANYMORE AFTER YOU WENT ALL ***"TAXI DRIVER"*** ON THEM.

HEY, YOU'VE GOT TO ***TALK BIGGER*** THAN YOU ***ARE*** SOMETIMES, EUGENE, AND IF SOMETHING'S IMPORTANT TO YOU, SOMETIMES YOU HAVE TO ***ACT BIGGER***.

THAT WHY YOU TOOK LEAP-FROG TO THE CITY INSTEAD OF STICKING AROUND HERE?

*AND I NOD, LIKE I ALWAYS DO. BUT THE SCARY PART IS THAT THIS TIME, FOR THE **FIRST** TIME IN MY LIFE...*

YEAH. AND I ERRED, EUGENE, LORD ***KNOWS*** I ERRED, BUT AT LEAST...

...AT LEAST I DIDN'T DO IT ON THE SIDE OF ***CAUTION***, ***UNDERSTAND?***

...I ACTUALLY DO UNDERSTAND.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

GOOD NIGHT, DAD!

GOOD NIGHT, SON!

WILL WORK FOR DIGNITY

--SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE TAKEN OUTSIDE A LOCAL PUMP 'N' GO, DEPICTS THE SEVERE BEATING OF A PERSON DRESSED AS A **GIANT FROG.**

BUT WITH VINCENT COLORITO UNDER **HOUSE ARREST**, A QUESTION EMERGES... A QUESTION THAT IS SURE TO HAUNT THIS LITTLE COMMUNITY IN THE MONTHS AHEAD:

WHO COULD THIS **NEW**, AND EVEN **LESS EFFECTIVE** INCARNATION OF THE FROGMAN BE?

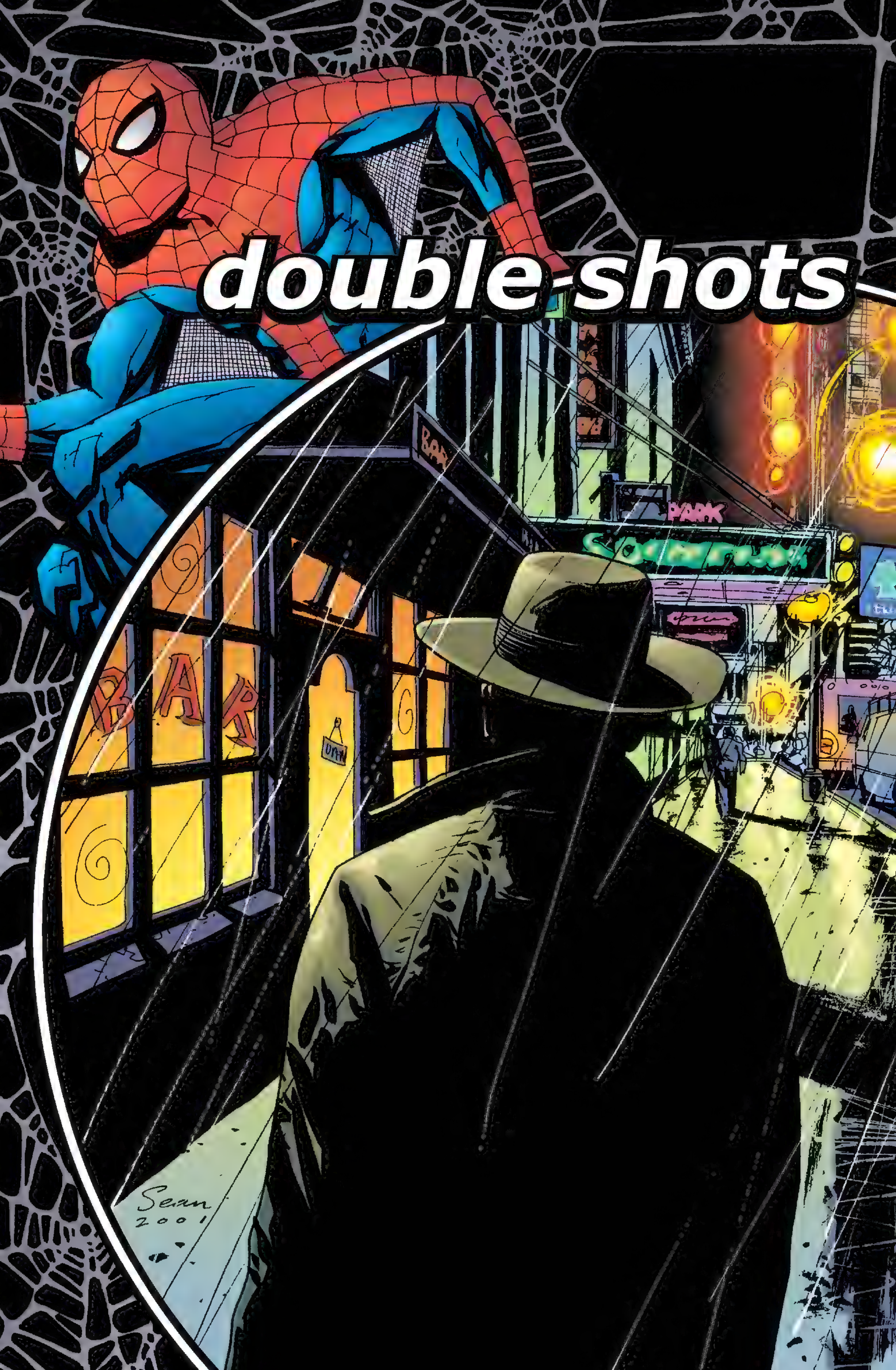
UH-OH. EUGENE'S EXCURSION MADE THE **LOCAL NEWS.**

LOOKS LIKE SPIDER-MAN IS THE LEAST OF MY WORRIES.

THE GUYS AT WORK ARE GONNA HAVE A **FIELD DAY** WITH THIS ONE.

#13

double-shots



HI. HOW'S IT GOIN'?

IT'S GOING REAL WELL. HOW'S IT GOING WITH YOU, YOUNG LADY?

WELL, JUST FINE, THANKS. I'M TIMBER

I LOVE YOUR NAME.

THANKS. MY PARENTS WERE HIPPIES. I GUESS IT'S KINDA COOL.

IT'S DELIGHTFUL.

HAVEN'T SEEN *YOU* HERE BEFORE. AND NO SPANDEX ... YOU SURE YOU'RE IN THE RIGHT PLACE?

JUST CURIOUS. I'VE HEARD ABOUT THIS BAR HAD TO SEE IF IT WAS TRUE.

ISN'T THAT *THE WHIRLWIND* OVER THERE?

YEAH. AND *MR. HYDE* - WHO IS A BIG FREAK, SO DON'T *EVEN* TALK TO HIM.

WHIRLWIND'S ACTUALLY KINDA COOL, BUT HE DOESN'T HOLD HIS LIQUOR VERY WELL.

I'LL STEER CLEAR NOT LOOKING FOR ANY TROUBLE. SURPRISED HE WEARS THAT BIG HELMET OUT WHEN HE'S NOT WORKING THOUGH.

I KNOW. HE MUST HAVE LIKE, UBER STRONG NECK MUSCLES. ARE YOU A ...

DO I *LOOK* LIKE ONE?

NAHH ...NOT REALLY.

I HAVE TO ADMIT IT SEEMS LIKE AN *EXCITING LIFESTYLE*, AND I'D BE LYING IF I DIDN'T SAY PART OF ME WAS GREEN WITH ENVY, BUT WE *ARE* WHO WE *ARE*.

TIMBER, COULD I GET A DRINK, PLEASE?

GOD, I'M LIKE, THE *WORST* WAITRESS. SORRY.

DON'T GIVE IT A THOUGHT. I'D LIKE A DOUBLE SHOT OF BOURBON, NEAT.

COMIN' UP. NICE TALKIN' TO YA, MISTERRRRRRR .....

... YOU TOO, DEAR, THANKS.

WHAT? *SURE* HE IS -- EVER HEAR HIM TALK? THE LISP?

DAREDEVIL? I DUN'T THEENK SO. I NEVER HEAR DIS BEFORE.

WELL, I DON'T KNOW FOR SURE, EITHER ... I'M JUST SAYIN' HE SEEMS LIKE HE *MIGHT* BE. ALL THAT RED AND THE STICKS HE CARRIES, C'MON!

COURSE, WITH THAT GETUP OF YOURS YOU COULD BE, TOO!

'CHEW KNOW WHAT? *THEES* EZ WHY I DON' LIKE TO DREENK WIT 'CHEW. 'CHEW SAY THEENGS THAT MAKE ME GOING TO HAVE TO GET MAD ON 'CHEW!

ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT, TAKE IT EASY, "RICKY RICARDO." WE'RE COOL. COME ON ... *I'LL* BUY THE NEXT ROUND.

MATADOR! STILTMAN! *BEHAVE* OR TAKE IT OUTSIDE. YOU KNOW THE *RULES*.

HE STARTED IT.

HEY, LET 'EM FIGHT IF THEY WANNA. IT'LL BE FUNNY.

ANYBODY WANTS TO FIGHT CAN FIGHT ME AND MY *V.B.C. STICK* HERE FIRST.

VEE-BEE-CEE? WHAT IS 'THEES ... *STICK*'?

V.B.C. -- *"VILLAIN BE COOL."*

DON'T MAKE ME COME OVER THIS BAR ...

EVERYBODY *CHILL.* OL' CALAB WASN'T *DOCTOR DOOM'S* HEAD OF SECURITY FOR TWELVE YEARS 'CAUSE HE'S SO PRETTY TO LOOK AT.

WHAT'CHA NEED, KID?

BOURBON, NEAT. FOR THE CIVVY AT SIX.

YOU *KNOW* HIM?

NOPE. SEEMS NICE. HE'S JUST *PEOPLE WATCHIN'*.

YEAH. ME TOO. CAN'T WAIT TILL WE CLOSE AN' I CAN STOP.

WHATTA FREAKIN' WEEK *THIS* WAS. WHY'D YOU WANNA MEET AT *THIS HELLHOLE* ANYWAY?

NEVER BEEN. IT'S QUAINT. ALMOST FUNNY. THE WAITRESS IS A NICE GIRL.

STUCK UP. SHE THINKS SHE'S ALL THAT AND THE SUNDAY TIMES. I ASKED HER OUT AND SHE LOOKED AT ME LIKE I WAS OUT OF MY MIND.

SHE MIGHT BE A LITTLE YOUNG FOR YOU ANYWAY, ADRIAN.

WHAT?! NO SHE'S NOT. SHE'S A NASTY, STUCK UP LITTLE SNOT. PROBABLY LIKES THE PRETTY BOYS.

I HATE THE ONES WHO JUST LUUUUUUUUUV THE PRETTY BOYS.

I WAS SEEING THIS WOMAN THE LAST EIGHT, NINE MONTHS, RIGHT? SO SHE'S ALWAYS RAGGIN' AT ME CAUSE I SNORE. IT KEEPS HER UP AT NIGHT. SHE TALKS ME INTO GETTING THAT LASER THROAT SURGERY FOUR MONTHS AGO, HURTS LIKE HOLY HELL FOR TWO WEEKS. I FINALLY GET HEALED UP AND SHE DUMPS ME. I STILL DON'T KNOW IF IT STOPPED THE SNORING.

I *ALWAYS* GO FOR THE MEAN ONES.

WELL, AT LEAST YOU GOT THAT *GREAAAAT* STORY OUT OF IT.

YOU KNOW, I DON'T NEED TO HAVE MY CHOPS BUSTED, OKAY? I'VE REALLY HAD A BAD WEEK.

SORRY. JUST TRYING TO KEEP IT LIGHT. WHAT *HAPPENED*?

I GOT INTO IT. WITH *HIM*. WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

I TAKE IT YOU LOST?

HE DOESN'T FIGHT FAIR!

YOU DO?

NO, BUT I'M THE *VILLAIN*. THERE'S *SUPPOSED* TO BE SOME *RULES* HERE.

YOU WERE COMMITTING A *CRIME*, RIGHT?

OF COURSE. IT'S MY *JOB*. BUT THERE REALLY SHOULD BE SOME *RULES*.

THERE'S VERY FEW RULES LEFT IN THE WORLD ANYMORE, I'M SAD TO SAY.

... EXCEPT IN THE *JUNGLE*. THE JUNGLE HAS ENDLESS RULES. DRIVES YOU NUTS.

"DON'T EAT THAT. THAT'LL EAT *YOU*. THOSE PEOPLE CAN'T SPEAK ENGLISH, THAT PLANT IS POISON, THAT SNAKE IS HARMLESS, ZEBRAS *DO* ATTACK, THAT'S NOT HOW TO MAKE A SPEAR, LEARN TO READ DRUMBEATS." BLAH, BLAH, BLAH.

WHAT'S HAPPENING, MEN?

I'VE HAD A RIDICULOUS WEEK. SOMEBODY GET ME A DRINK BEFORE MY HEAD EXPLODES.

LOOK WHO'S HERE. KRAVEN'S LITTLE WHELP. YOU WANT YOUR HEAD TO EXPLODE, HUNTER-BOY?

IF THAT NOISE YOU'RE MAKING IS CALLED SPEECH, THANKS FOR DROPPING BY, MUMBLES.

IT'S *TOMBSTONE*. YOUR OLD MAN AND I HAD A BEEF. NOW HE'S DEAD. *GUESS* WHO INHERITS IT?

YOU KNOW, I WAS REALLY TOTALLY SATISFIED WITH THE THIRTY MILLION HE LEFT ME. IT WAS LIKE STARRING IN A HIT SIT-COM WITHOUT HAVING TO DO THE BAD JOKES.

YOU GOT A FAT MOUTH ON YOU, KID. THINK I'LL CLOSE IT UP.

OH GOD, I'M NOT UP FOR THIS. WHO *ARE* YOU AGAIN?

TOMBSTONE'S THE NAME, YOU FIGURE OUT WHAT I DO FOR A LIVIN' AND MY KICKS.

WELL, YOU'RE ABOUT TO GET THE SNOT BEATEN OUT OF YOU FOR MY KICKS, TAKE A WALK, IDIOT.

GET READY TO SEE YOUR OLD MAN, KID...

KIDNEYSTONE, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO ENJOY *THIS* AT ALL.

KILL 'IM, HUNTER, *KILL 'IM!*

NOT WORTH THE TROUBLE. ARE YOU DONE BEING OH SO SCARY AND TOUGH, MISTER BARROOM BRAWLER?

YEAH, I'M... GOOD...

THEN, BUH-BYE.

HERE YA GO, A DOUBLE SHOT, NEAT. I SEE YOUR FRIENDS FOUND YOU. COOL.

HOW ARE YOU, KRAVEN?

BETTER NOW THAT YOU ASKED, TIMBY BABY. HOW ABOUT A ROUND OF DOUBLE SHOTS FOR THE TABLE?

SURE.

OH NO... DON'T TELL ME YOU...

YOU CUT QUITE A SWATH, DON'T YOU?

YEAH.

OH THIS IS *SICKENING*. SHE DIDN'T TELL ME SHE WAS YOUR *GIRLFRIEND*.

GO TAKE A PILL! WE WENT OUT A FEW TIMES. NO BIGGIE. CAN YOU JUST RELAX?

WHAT, I CAN'T *LIKE* A GIRL?

NO! YOU CAN'T LIKE "*A GIRL*"! YOU CAN LIKE A *WOMAN*. LOOK, THERE'S THIS NEW INVENTION CALLED A *MIRROR* YOU MIGHT WANNA CHECK OUT. LOTS OF ANSWERS IN THERE FOR YOU, TRUST ME.

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU *TALKING* ABOUT?

YOU'RE AN *OLD, UGLY, BALD DUDE* NAMED AFTER AN *OLD, UGLY, BALD BIRD*. GOING OUT WITH CUTE YOUNG GIRLS IS NOT AN OPTION FOR YOU.

THAT'S NOT FUNNY. IT'S *NOT*.

TELL HIM...

I CAN'T... SORRY.

DOUBLE SHOTS FOR THE TABLE. CAN I GET YOU ANYTHING ELSE?

LET'S SAVE TIME AND GET US ANOTHER ROUND ON YOUR NEXT TRIP, OK, SWEETNESS?

YOU GOT IT.

AND I HOPE TO AGAIN.

THAT CHEERED ME UP A LITTLE. I AM JUST DISGUSTED WITH THE UNIVERSE THIS WEEK.

ADRIAN HAD A BAD WEEK, TOO. WHAT HAPPENED TO *YOU*?

HE DID. AND HE HAD ***HELP***. THAT IDIOT KID FROM THE F.F.--***JOHNNY STORM***. HE ***NEEDED*** IT, TOO, BECAUSE I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING, HE IS ***NOT*** GOING TO PUSH ME AROUND LIKE HE DID MY OLD MAN.

SPIDER-MAN ***AND*** THE TORCH? THAT ***IS*** BUSY. YOU'RE LUCKY YOU AREN'T IN JAIL.

I ***WAS***. I'M OUT ALREADY. I HAVE A LAWYER THAT CAN SUE THE ***TICKS*** OFF A ***DOG***, AND SHE'S ***GORGEOUS*** TO BOOT. THE FUNNY PART WAS, I WASN'T EVEN COMMITTING A ***CRIME***.

I GOT INTO AN "*ARGUMENT*" WITH THESE FIVE MADE NO-NECKS FROM THE BARITONE FAMILY OUT OF JERSEY. YOU KNOW THESE NITWITS?

TONY BARITONE IS A FORMIDABLE BOSS.

NOT TO *ME*.

I HATE ALL THAT MAFIA CRAP ANYWAY. IT BORES ME TO SLEEP.

"SO THESE THUGS ARE INSISTING I GIVE THEM A CUT FROM A JEWEL HEIST MY FATHER DID FOR TONY BARITONE'S UNCLE TEN YEARS AGO, AND I SAY THEY CAN KISS MY BUTT."

"ONE OF 'EM PULLS A GUN SO I BREAK HIS ARM. THEN THEY ALL COME AT ME AND I'M JUST SLAPPING THEM AROUND TO MAKE A POINT AND FOR SOME FUN."

NEXT THING I KNOW A FIREBALL COMES WHIPPING PAST MY HEAD.

"I SEE JOHNNY STORM FLYING AT ME LIKE HE'S BEING PAID FOR IT. I'VE ALWAYS DETESTED THIS PUNK AND BEEN DYING TO KICK HIS SNOTTY LITTLE BUTT WHEN BEN GRIMM ISN'T AROUND TO PROTECT HIM."

HEY MAN, BACK WAAAAAY THE HELL OFF!

LOOK AT THIS. RICHIE RICH GOT SUPERPOWERS.

I HATE A BULLY, JUNGLE BOY. GET READY TO BE SEARED...

I GUESS YOU'RE TOO STUPID TO NOTICE IT'S *SIX* OF THEM AGAINST *ONE* OF ME.

YOU'RE LUCKY YOU USUALLY HAVE REED RICHARDS TO POINT YOU IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION OR I DOUBT YOU'D BE ABLE TO MASTER YOUR SHOELACES.

I'M GONNA ROAST YOU, KRAVEN!

IS THIS *PERSONAL*, STORM?

I NEVER LIKED YOU.

I COULD CARE LESS. LET'S GO...

I HATE THE TORCH TOO. NOW BEN GRIMM -- *HE'S* TOUGH. YOU'VE GOTTA RESPECT HIM.

YEAH. I'M A LITTLE SCARED OF HIM MYSELF.

SO I HEAD FOR THE ROOFS AND I'M JUMPING AND DODGING LIKE CRAZY TILL I FIND A FIRE HOSE WHICH I GRAB HOLD OF, SWING ON AND DOUSE STORM AT THE SAME TIME.

HE GOES DOWN AND I AM ALL OVER THIS GUY NOW. HE ACTUALLY HAS A FEW MOVES BUT WITHOUT THE FLAME IS MOSTLY MOUTH.

"SO IT'S GETTING SO GOOD FOR ME I'M THINKING ABOUT KILLING HIM AND ALL OF A SUDDEN I GET A MOUTH FULL OF THAT DAMN WEBBING AND THEN *YOU-KNOW-WHO* SHOWS UP."

AW, I *HATE* THAT!

YO, BOMBA JR., THIS IS GONNA HURT YOU SO MUCH MORE THAN ME...

IF YOU THINK I LOOK SCARED, YOU'RE TRIPPING.

I ADMIT THE TORCH ISN'T EXACTLY MR. WINNING PERSONALITY, BUT HE HAPPENS TO BE A PAL OF YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGH--

CAN IT!

HARD TO MAKE JOKES WITH A MOUTH FULL OF BLOOD, ISN'T IT?

UGH!

OKAY, *THAT* HURT!

TRUTH TO TELL, I THINK I'D HAVE ***WON*** IF THE TORCH HADN'T COME AROUND AND GOTTEN BACK INTO IT.

"UNFORTUNATELY, I HAD A COUPLE OUTSTANDING WARRANTS. ON THE PLUS SIDE, MY ATTORNEY IS QUITE A GO-GETTER..."

...AND *QUITE* MOTIVATED...

SO I WAS FREE IN A FEW HOURS BUT IT WAS ALL A HUGE PAIN IN THE ASS. I AM SICK TO DEATH OF THE SUPER HERO COMMUNITY.

THEY *DO* SEEM TO BE EVERYWHERE.

THEY'RE LIKE MOVIE STARS WHO CAN FIGHT. PEOPLE LOVE THEM. I WISH THEY'D ALL DIE IN A FLOOD.

WELL NOT *ALL*.

YOU KNOW WHO IS JUST GORGEOUS? *JEAN GREY*. WHAT I WOULD GIVE FOR A SHOT AT HER

SHE IS REALLY LOVELY.

I COULD GET HER YOU KNOW, IF IT WAS SET UP RIGHT.

EEEEEEEE-*YEAH*. AND THAT 'RIGHT SET-UP' WOULD BE WHAT, THE DAY AFTER SHE'S STRUCK DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND?

COME ON, SHE GOES OUT WITH *CYCLOPS*. I ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT WAS ONE OF THOSE "ARRANGED" DEALS LIKE THEY DO IN HOLLYWOOD. HE'S A BIGGER FREAK THAN ME.

TOOMES... I'M SORRY TO TELL YOU, BUT HE'S NOT. YOU'RE PREEEEEETTY MUCH THE BIGGEST FREAK AROUND.

HEY!

COME ON. YOU'RE *THE VULTURE*, DUDE. THAT'S ABOUT AS SEXY AS CHEMO-THERAPY. YOU'D GET MORE HONEYS IF YOU CALLED YOURSELF *THE GERBIL*.

HELLO! WELCOME TO REALITY! YOU WANT FRIENDS WHO LIE TO YOU?

YES. YES, I REALLY DO.

WELL, THAT'S JUST NOT ME. CYCLOPS IS A HANDSOME YOUNG KID -- THAT'S A *FACT*.

CUT IT OUT!

YOU'RE ...RIGHT. THE HEROES *ARE* A LOT BETTER LOOKING THAN US.

NO, *YOU*. THEY'RE A LOT BETTER LOOKING THAN *YOU*, MAYBE MOST OF THESE OTHER LOSERS IN HERE...

ME -- I LOOK GREAT.

THE HEROES GET GREAT-LOOKIN' BROADS TOO. SPEAKING OF THE TORCH, HIS SISTER, REED RICHARDS' OLD LADY, IS VERY ATTRACTIVE.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. BUT A VERY DRAB DRESSER

SHE'S NOT GONNA AGE WELL. I SAW HER SHOPPING AT BARNEY'S NOT THAT LONG AGO AND SHE'S GETTING A BIG BUTT. SHE SHOULD TRY MAKING HER *HIPS* INVISIBLE. AND HER HAIR? WHOA!

ANYONE LIKE *THE WASP*? SHE'S KINDA CUTE.

THE UGLIEST CLOTHES I'VE EVER SEEN IN MY LIFE. SHE DRESSES LIKE SHE'S *FOURTEEN*

HOWCUM THERE'S HARDLY ANY PRETTY WOMEN IN OUR BUSINESS?

CALYPSO'S ATTRACTIVE. AND *SILVER SABLE* IS VERY PRETTY. DO YOU KNOW THEM?

ME? NO. I MET MEDUSA WHEN SHE WAS WORKING WITH THE *FRIGHTFUL FOUR*. GREAT LEGS.

I'VE BEEN OUT WITH *SILVER SABLE*. HERE'S WHAT BUGS ME ABOUT HER. SHE'S ONE OF THOSE CHICKS THAT NEVER ASKS ANYTHING ABOUT *YOU*.

THAT DRIVES ME NUTS. I MEAN, WHAT'S SO HARD ABOUT ASKING A COUPLE OF QUESTIONS? IT'S JUST *INCONSIDERATE. NARCISSISTIC*. I NEVER CALLED HER AGAIN.

I THINK IT'S A *MISTAKE* TO DATE WITHIN THE BUSINESS.

WHO'D *YOU* EVER GO OUT WITH?

I JUST *SAID* I DON'T DO IT.

OH RIGHT. YOU WOULDN'T GO OUT WITH *THE BLACK WIDOW*?

NO.

REDHEADS CAN BE VERY CRAZY AND DIFFICULT TO DEAL WITH.

YOU ARE SO FULL OF IT. WHO WOULDN'T GO OUT WITH THE BLACK WIDOW? I'D STRANGLE A LITTER OF KITTENS FOR ONE DINNER WITH HER!

BEEN THERE.

YOU'RE KIDDING... TELL ME YOU'RE KIDDING.

HEY MAN, THESE NEW YORK NIGHTS GET COLD.

AAAAAAAUUUUUUGGGGHHHHHHHH!!!!!

I GUESS YOU DON'T WANNA HEAR MY STORY ABOUT ALYSSA MI

I HATE MYSELF!

ADRIAN, YOU HAVEN'T TOLD US WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU THIS WEEK.

IT'S NOTHING I'M PROUD OF...

WHAT HAPPENED, ADRIAN?

I'M PULLING A SIMPLE ARMORED CAR HEIST ON THE JERSEY TURNPIKE, RIGHT?

"IT'S A NO-BRAINER."

RIGHT MAN FOR THE RIGHT JOB.

CAN I TELL MY STORY?

FINE... BUT CAN WE GET ANOTHER ROUND? THIS DOESN'T SOUND FAST...

I'VE GOT THE TRUCK RUN INTO A DITCH IN THE WOODS. THE **WOODS?** WHAT'S HE DOING IN THE FREAKIN' **WOODS?**

PICNIC?

CAMPING?

FISHING?

LEAF COLLECTING?

WILL YOU TWO SHUT UP AND LET ME TELL MY STORY!!!

YES

G'HEAD

CONTINUE...

SORRY

SQUEEZE ME

THANK YOU.

HE'S IN A DAMN **TREE**. COMES UP BEHIND ME AND KICKS ME SO HARD YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT.

YES I WOULD.

"FOR A LITTLE GUY, HE KICKS LIKE A MULE.

"THEN IT'S THE USUAL STUFF. I TAKE TO THE SKY, HE SHOOTS THE WEB ON MY ANKLE AND GETS PULLED ALONG, THEN WE PUNCH THE HELL OUT OF EACH OTHER, HE DROPS OFF INTO THE BUSHES, MAKES THE WEB SLINGSHOT-CATAPULT THING..."

WHICH YOU FALL FOR WITHOUT FAIL.

I SUPPOSE. AND THE NEXT THING I KNOW, HE'S HEADING AT ME, FIST STRAIGHT OUT AND THEN I'M ON THE GROUND.

WELL, IT APPEARS YOU GOT AWAY.

I GOT AWAY ALRIGHT. JUST BARELY.

WHO'S *THIRSTY?*

YOU KNOW I'M *ALWAYS* THIRSTY, TIMBY BABY.

I'M GETTING REALLY HAMMERED.

WELL, FINISH TELLING HOW YOU GOT "HAMMERED" BY *HIM* FIRST.

YOU KNOW WHAT I HATE MOST ABOUT THESE SUPER GUYS?

THE *PAIN* THEY INFLICT?

IT'S THE *JOKES.*

NO. I'VE BEEN GETTING BEAT UP SINCE I WAS FIVE.

EVER THINK ABOUT GIVING PROPECIA A TRY, VULTCHY? THEY SAY IT KILLS THE LIBIDO BUT DOES GROW HAIR AND WELLLL, IS THE LIBIDO REALLY WORKIN' FOR YA ALL THAT MUCH ANYWAY?

AT LEAST IT'LL GEAR YOU UP FOR THE SALTPETER YOU'RE GONNA BE GETTING IN YOUR PRISON FOOD.

SHUDDUP, YOU MISERABLE LITTLE...

THE CHITCHAT WHILE THEY FIGHT. I MEAN, WHO WANTS TO TALK WHEN THEY FIGHT? IT'S NOT A PROM, IT'S A FIGHT. HITTING, KICKING, NO TALKING. I DON'T LIKE THE TALKING.

IT'S BECOME A BIT OF AN OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD THOUGH, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?

WELL, I'M *SICK* OF IT.

AND THERE HE IS, JUMPING OFF THE TREES, HITTING ME ALL OVER AND YAPPING LIKE A TERRIER

A LOTTA PEOPLE THINK I'M BALD 'CAUSE THIS MASK MAKES ME LOOK THAT WAY SO I KINDA KNOW HOW YOU FEEL EXCEPT FOR ONE THING... *I'M NOT!*

BAAAAHAHAHAHA!

OKAY, THAT WAS CRUEL. BALD JOKES ARE CHEAP SHOTS AND I'M ALREADY WINNING... BUT C'MON, YOU ARE SO WAAAAAAAY BALD... MAN, YOU'RE SO BALD YOU COULD LEAD THE X-MEN. YOU COULD BE CAPTAIN OF THE LOVE BOAT, YOU COULD POSE FOR MR. CLEAN BOTTLES, YOU COULD BE THE SILVER SURFER'S STUNTMAN...

SOMEBODY STOP ME!

AAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

DUDE, THIS IS *BRUTAL*. DID YOU GET *CLOSE* TO WINNING AT ANY MOMENT IN THIS NIGHTMARE?

HEY, AT LEAST *I* DIDN'T GET BUSTED LIKE SOME PEOPLE AT THE TABLE!

TRUE, BUT I BET THOSE HANDCUFFS DIDN'T HURT ME NEARLY AS MUCH AS THOSE BALD JOKES DID YOU.

I THINK MAKING THOSE KIND OF PERSONAL INSULTS IN THE HEAT OF A BATTLE IS EXTREMELY LOWBROW. THIS IS A *BUSINESS*. FOR HIM TO MAKE IT PERSONAL LIKE THAT ISN'T RIGHT.

OH COME ON. *EVERYTHING* IS ULTIMATELY PERSONAL. I TAKE A *RAINSTORM* PERSONALLY.

DO YOU THINK CLINTON WOULD BE SO VILIFIED IF PEOPLE WEREN'T TAKING HIS ENTIRE LIFESTYLE PERSONALLY ... WEREN'T JEALOUS OF IT? *THE GUY GOT TO BE PRESIDENT AND GET JIGGY WITH IT ALL DAY LONG!*

AND WHY DID WE RESIST BUSH? BECAUSE HE'S AN IDIOT? NO. *BECAUSE HE WAS BORN WITH EVERYTHING WE ALL WANT!*

THIS COUNTRY *REEKS* OF *PERSONAL*. WHY DO THE TABLOIDS, ROLLING STONE, US AND *CAT FANCY* OUTSELL SCIENCE DIGEST AND THE WALL STREET JOURNAL? BECAUSE THEY'RE *PERSONAL*. THE USA SHOULD STAND FOR "UNCOVERING SECRET ATROCITIES." WE FEED ON IT.

DON'T GET ME STARTED.

RIGHT. LET'S TRY TO GET YOU *FINISHED* SO WE CAN HEAR THE REST OF ADRIAN'S STORY.

TOUCHÉ.

HOW DID YOU MAKE YOUR ESCAPE, ADRIAN?

CHICKENS.

"THE FIGHT SORTA SPREAD OUT TOWARDS A FARM. I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THERE WERE FARMS IN JERSEY."

"I FLY OVER THIS LITTLE FARM AND SOME BROAD IS FEEDING A CHICKEN COOP. SO I TEAR THROUGH THE GATE, RIP IT RIGHT OUTTA THE GROUND, SCREAM LIKE HELL AND HER BIRDS GO FLYIN' OFF IN EVERY DIRECTION."

"OF COURSE, HE HAS TO STOP AND HELP HER GATHER THE FILTHY BIRDS."

OH GREAT. THE "VULTURE" IS CASTING ASPERSIONS AT OTHER BIRDS FOR BEING UNSANITARY. EATEN ANY DEAD RATS LATELY, BUD?

"IT WAS PRETTY SWEET TO TELL THE TRUTH."

YOU'RE SUCH A JERK.

SO HE STARTS MAKING WEB CHICKEN LASSOS AND STUFF AND I HAUL ASS OUTTA THERE WHILE HE'S PLAYING FARMER BROWN OFF THE JERSEY TURNPIKE.

EEEEEEEEYEAH, REAL SWEET. REAL SMART. REAL COOL. HOW DO YOU SURVIVE IN THIS BUSINESS? CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT *CAPTAIN AMERICA* WOULD DO TO THIS GUY?

I DO THE BEST I CAN, YOU SPOILED LITTLE BRAT! NOT EVERYONE WAS BORN WITH A SILVER SPOON IN THEIR MOUTH AND UP THEIR--

--DID I SAY, IS LUCKY ENOUGH TO BE BORN WITH...?

NO, I THINK YOU LEFT *THAT* OUT.

OH... MEANT TO SAY IT.

GOOD THINKING.

ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT, LET'S REMEMBER WHY WE CAME OUT TONIGHT. IT WAS TO HAVE SOME LAUGHS, NOT FIGHT LIKE SCHOOLBOYS.

YOU KNOW, I DON'T NEED YOUR MOUTH EITHER

IS THAT A FACT?

HEH ... CAN I BUY ANOTHER ROUND FOR THE TABLE?

OH I HATE ARMORED COSTUMES. THEY ARE SUCH OVER-COMPENSATIONS. WHAT'S WRONG WITH DEVELOPING SOME FIGHTING SKILLS?

I'M FOR THAT. I'M THINKING ABOUT REBUILDING MY ARMOR COSTUME. I NEED THE EXTRA JUICE.

THE *FALCON* HAS A NICE RIG.

ARE YOU *KIDDING*? THE FALCON LOOKS LIKE SIGFRIED AND ROY'S OPENING ACT.

I HAVE TO SAY I'M NOT BIG ON ARMOR MYSELF. WEAPONS CAN BE USED TO GREAT EFFECT BUT ARMOR SEEMS A LITTLE MUCH.

HEY. YOU NEVER DID SAY WHAT HAPPENED WITH *YOU* THIS WEEK?

NOT MUCH OF A STORY TO TELL. I HAVE A VERY ... ***DIFFERENT*** RELATIONSHIP WITH HIM. HE TENDS TO GET QUITE EMOTIONAL WHEN WE MEET. I NEVER SEE THE WITTY BANTER AND RAUCOUS INTERPLAY YOU FELLOWS DO.

WHY NOT? HE SEEMS TO BE THE SAME LITTLE, JUVENILE, SELF-RIGHTEOUS FOOL WITH EVERYONE.

WELL, NOT WITH ***ME***. I REALLY WOULDN'T KNOW.

TIMBER, DEAR COULD I PAY THE CHECK, PLEASE?

SURE. LEMME JUST GET YOU TOTALLED OUT...

I'VE GOT TO GO...

KEEP THE CHANGE, YOUNG LADY.

WHOA... THANK YOU!

WITHOUT TELLING US ANYTHING?

YEAH. COME ON, MAN. WHAT HAPPENED WITH YOU AND HIM THAT MAKES HIM TREAT YOU SO ***SPECIAL?*** I MEAN, WE'VE ALL HAD OUR SCRAPES WITH HIM --

SCRAPES ... YES.

WELL, IF YOU MUST KNOW ...

HERE'S WHAT I THINK IT MIGHT BE.

A FEW YEARS AGO WE HAD A RUN-IN AND HE WAS WINNING AND I GOT PRETTY ANGRY AND DECIDED TO MAKE A *POINT* WITH HIM.

A POINT THAT HE WOULDN'T *FORGET*.

I SUPPOSE I BROKE MY OWN RULE AND GOT A TOUCH ... *PERSONAL* ABOUT THINGS.

WELL, *EVERBODY* IN THIS BAR HAS DONE THAT.

PROBABLY. BUT NOT QUITE AS *POINTEDLY* AS THIS.

I DECIDED TO SHOW HIM HOW SERIOUS I WAS. I WANTED TO MAKE SURE THAT HE KNEW *EXACTLY* WHAT HE MEANS TO ME.

C'MON, C'MON, C'MON. SPILL. WHAT WAS IT!?!

WHAT DID YOU DO!?!

WHAT DID I *DO*? OH, NOTHING MUCH ...

I KIDNAPPED HIS GIRLFRIEND.

AND KILLED HER

RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM.

IT WAS A BLAST!

NEXT WEEK, GENTS?

#14

CHAMPIONSHIP WRESTLING

OLYMPIC ARENA

★ THIS FRIDAY! ONE NIGHT ONLY!! ★

★

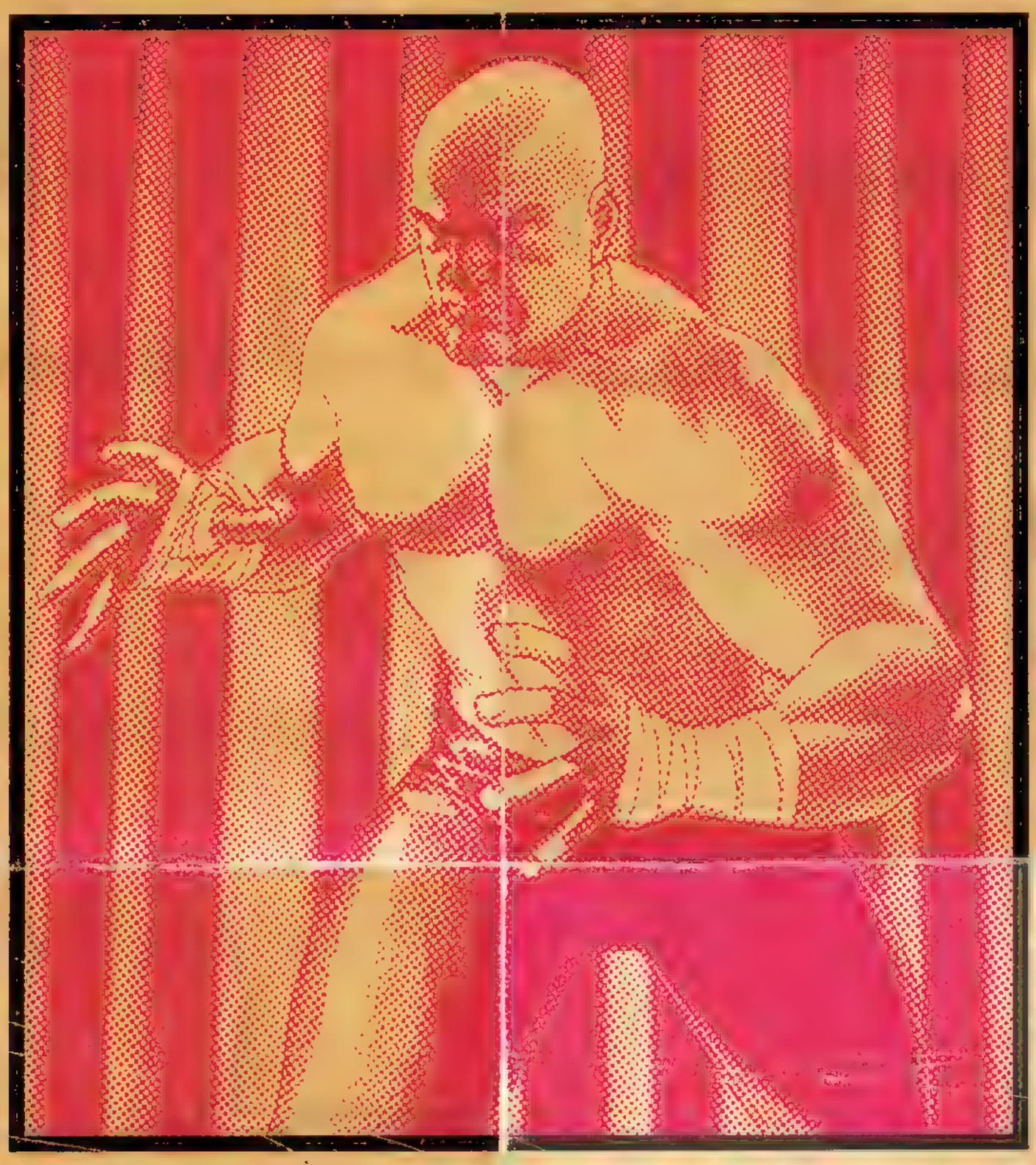
$10,000 PRIZE!

TO ANY MAN WHO CAN LAST 3 MINUTES IN THE RING

★ WITH ★

CRUSHER HOGAN

★



★

★ PLUS ★

2 MAIN EVENTS!

DON'T MISS

BRIAN
AZZARELLO

SCOTT
LEVY

VS.

GIUSEPPE
CAMUNCOLI

DAVE
JOHNSON

★

★ TAG-TEAM MAYHEM! ★★

CARD SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE! ★★★★★★

MY BUSINESS, I'M WHAT'S KNOWN AS A *SHOOTER.*

MY BUSINESS, A SHOOTER WORKS A MATCH FOR REAL.

MY BUSINESS IS *WRESTLING.*

AND I *KNOW* HOW TO WRESTLE.

I KNOW ALL THE HOLDS, AND ALL THE TAKE-DOWNS, AND I USE THEM BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE.

I KNOW MY OPPONENT'S BODY BETTER THAN HE DOES. I KNOW THE PRESSURE POINTS AND THE WEAK JOINTS.

I KNOW MY STYLE AIN'T AS FLASHY AS SOME OF THE BOYS. THAT'S OKAY BY ME, BECAUSE I KNOW I CAN *BEAT* 'EM.

SNAP AN ANKLE, CRACK A RIB, STRETCH 'IM OUT 'TIL HIS ARMS GO NUMB AND HE CAN'T EVEN FEEL HIS HAND SMACK AGAINST THE CANVAS AS HE TAPS OUT.

THAT'S WHAT I *DO.*

I *HURT* PEOPLE.

HOGAN!

YOU TRY TO BREAK MY ARM? WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT?

DON'T PLAY STUPID, STUPID. YOU WEREN'T SELLIN' NOTHIN'.

EVERY CHOP I THREW, YOU STOOD THERE LIKE YOU WAS BEIN' SMACKED BY SOME MAMBY-PAMBY SCHOOLGIRL.

BULLS --

--HUT-UP.

NOBODY WORKS STIFF WITH ME. PULL THAT AGAIN KID, AN' NEXT TIME...

...I'LL CRIPPLE YOU.

HEY, CRUSH...

...BOBBY WANTS TO SEE YOU.

IT'S ALL ABOUT *RESPECT.*

RESPECT THE *SPORT,* I'LL RESPECT *YOU.* IN THE RING, YOU MAKE ME LOOK GOOD, I'LL MAKE YOU LOOK LIKE A *MILLION BUCKS.*

ABOVE ALL ELSE, RESPECT THE FANS. THEY DON'T PLOP DOWN THEIR HARD-EARNED MONEY TO SEE BLOWN SPOTS OR HALF-ASS EFFORT.

THEY PAY TO SEE TEARS, SWEAT...

...AND *BLOOD.*

HEY, BOSS.

CRUSHER.

SIDDOWN.

LOOK, IF THIS IS ABOUT MY MATCH, I AIN'T SORRY FOR *NOTHIN'* I DID.

RUGER

SORRY? THE HELL YOU GOT TO BE ***SORRY*** FOR? I BOOKED THE KID IN THE MAIN EVENT. FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, YOU GAVE HIM WHAT HE ***DESERVED...***

REX

...THE ***FANS,*** TOO.

TROUBLE IS, THERE WEREN'T TOO MANY OF 'EM.

YEAH, I NOTICED. WHAT -- ABOUT HALF FULL?

KID KNOCK, YOU CROSS-EYED? WAS MORE LIKE A ***QUARTER.***

I AIN'T GONNA MAKE ***PAYROLL*** AGAIN THIS WEEK.

I'M ***SORRY.***

NATURE

YOU TELL THE BOYS YET?

EX RUGER

NO. WANTED YOU TO HEAR IT FROM *ME FIRST.* CRUSH...

...I THINK YOU SHOULD THINK ABOUT *ACCEPTING* GLOBAL'S OFFER.

OKAY.

DONE. THE ANSWER'S *STILL* NO.

I *APPRECIATE* THAT, CRUSH. *LOYALTY* SHOULD COUNT FOR SOMETHIN' IN THIS LIFE.

BUT THE *FACT* IS, IT DOESN'T. YOU GOTTA DO *WHAT'S BEST FOR YOU.*

THAT'S WHAT I'M *DOIN',* BOBBY.

NAH, YOU AIN'T. *WE'RE* STUCK WORKIN' HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUMS AN' LODGE HALLS, WHILE GLOBAL'S SELLIN' OUT *THE GARDEN.*

THE LOWEST JOBBER IN THEIR LOCKER ROOM CLEARS *TWICE* AS MUCH AS YOU DO.

MONEY AIN'T *EVERYTHING,* BOSS.

REX RUGER

NO, IT ISN'T, *UNLESS* THERE ISN'T *ANY OF IT.*

I'M YOUR *TOP DRAW,* BOBBY. I JUMP TO GLOBAL, WHAT'S THAT GONNA DO TO YOU AN' CHAMPIONSHIP?

CRUSHER, NO OFFENSE, BUT THINGS STAY THE WAY THEY ARE...?

...WE'RE *OUTTA BUSINESS* WITH OR *WITHOUT* YA.

CLICK

DAA!

JEEZUS, BABY, YOU GAVE ME A FRIGHT!

SORRY, MARIE...

...I WAS THINKIN'.

IN THE DARK?

YEAH.

HOW WAS THE SHOW?

SO-SO.

BOBBY MAKE GOOD?

OH MY GOD, WE CAN'T *LIVE* LIKE THIS!

I MEAN, YOU GOT A *FAMILY* TO SUPPORT! DON' HE KNOW?

HE *KNOWS.*

THEN HE SHOULD ***KNOW BETTER*** THAN TO HAVE YOU WORKIN' ***FOR FREE.***

IT'S A ***DRY SPELL,*** IS ALL. I'M TOUGHIN' IT OUT, FOR THE REST OF THE BOYS.

YEAH? WELL, IF ANY A THEM WAS GETTIN' CALLS FROM MR. KEVIN OVER AT GLOBAL, I AIN'T SO SURE THEY'D BE THINKIN' OF YOU.

MR. KEVIN CAN KISS MY --

--HE CAN ***FRENCH KISS*** IT, LONG AS HE PAYS YOU.

I'M CALLIN' HIM BACK TOMORROW. YOU'RE GOIN' BY HIS OFFICE ON MONDAY, LISTEN TO WHAT HE HAS TO OFFER.

GLOBAL'S ALL ABOUT GIMMICKS, MARIE. I WRESTLE. I'LL GET BURIED THERE.

THEN IT MUST BE GIMMICKS THAT THE FANS ARE PAYIN' TO SEE, JOEY. THEY DON' CARE NOTHIN' ABOUT YOUR SKILLS -- THEY JUST WANT A PIECE OF YOU!

SHUT UP, MARIE.

DON' YOU BE TELLIN' ME TO SHUT UP WHEN I'M THE ***ONLY*** ONE WHO'S TALKIN' ***SENSE*** HERE. AN' YOU BETTER --

CRAASH

I SAID SHUT UP.

GO BACK TO BED.

TURN OFF THE LIGHT.

GIMMICKS. I AIN'T ABOUT NO *GIMMICKS.*

I DON'T NEED NO FACE-PAINT, NO HOT-BODIED MANAGER, NO FOREIGN OBJECTS, NO HILLBILLY OVERALLS OR NO COWBOY HAT.

I'M A *WRESTLER.* I *WRESTLE.*

MARIE'S WORDS HURT ME MORE THAN ANY HEAD-KICK OFF THE TOP ROPES *EVER* DID.

I *KNEW* I WAS LETTIN' HER DOWN, BUT IF I SIGNED WITH GLOBAL, I'D BE LETTIN' DOWN NOT JUST BOBBY, BUT EVERY BOY IN CHAMPIONSHIP THAT GOES OUT AND WORKS HIS HUMP PUTTIN' ON THE BEST SHOW THEY CAN FOR THE FANS.

"THEY JUST WANT A *PIECE OF YOU."* SHE WAS *WRONG.* I KEPT TELLIN' MYSELF THAT. OVER AN' OVER.

SHE WAS WRONG.

SHE WAS *WRONG.*

MY GIMMICK.

I PRAY TO GOD SHE'S *RIGHT.*

BOBBY DIDN'T LIKE IT. TOLD ME NO WAY ON EARTH HE WAS GOING ALONG WITH IT. SAID RIGHT NOW, ALL HE WAS WILLING TO LOSE WAS HIS COMPANY.

IF THE GIMMICK DIDN'T WORK, EVERYBODY INVOLVED STOOD TO LOSE A ***LOT MORE.***

I DIDN'T FAULT HIM FOR WANTING TO PLAY IT SAFE. IF I WAS IN HIS SHOES, I MIGHTA FELT THE ***SAME*** WAY.

BUT I WAS IN ***MY BOOTS.*** AN' WHEN I LACED THEM UP...?

...I CARRIED ***CHAMPIONSHIP*** ON MY BACK INTO THE RING.

FOR SOME OF THE BOYS, MIC' WORK COMES EASY. NOT FOR ME. I AIN'T THE MOST ELOQUENT A TALKERS.

I SELL MYSELF ON THE ***MAT,*** NOT THE MIC'.

BUT NOW, I GOTTA HIT A SLAM DUNK. I GOTTA TURN THEM SMILING, BOOING FACES...

...INTO SOMETHING *REALLY* UGLY.

I GOTTA PUT GLOBAL OVER, AN' BURY CHAMPIONSHIP.

I GOTTA *DISRESPECT* THE SPORT...

...ALL THE BOYS IN THE BACK...

...AN', MOST IMPORTANT, THE *FANS.*

I GOTTA *SHOOT* ON THE FANS.

MAKE THEM *REALLY* HATE ME.

MAKE THEM WANT A *PIECE* OF ME.

OSTERBERG UNIVERSITY

HOLY GOD, CRUSHER! *THAT* WAS THE MOST TREMENDOUS PROMO I EVER HEARD...

STUFF

...YOU AIN'T *SERIOUS,* THOUGH?

AS A *HEART ATTACK,* BULL.

HOW COME NONE OF *US* WERE IN ON IT?

DYNAMITE

JEEZUS... A *SHOOT?*

HOW YOU GONNA --

--WHAT THE HELL YOU THINK YOU WERE *DOIN'?*

SAVING YOUR BUSINESS, BOBBY.

WE AGREED --

--NO, YOU SAID. I DIDN' AGREE.

WELL IT *AIN'T* HAPPENIN'. NO WAY. AS OF NOW, YOU'RE OFF THE CARD NEXT WEEK --

--BOSS!

HEY, CRUSH. OUTSTANDING PROMO.

LISTEN, BOBBY, EVERYBODY IN THE DAMN HOUSE, THEY'RE ALL LININ' UP AT THE BOX OFFICE FOR NEXT WEEK'S SHOW. NO LIE, WE'RE GONNA HAVE A SELL-OUT!

CAN YA *IMAGINE...?*

SHUT IT DOWN.

NO ADVANCE TICKETS.

WHA? WE *CAN'T* TURN PEOPLE AWAY.

OH YES WE CAN.

ONE LOOK AT BOBBY, I COULD SEE THE WHEELS TURNIN'. HE KNEW WE WAS ON TO SOMETHIN' *HUGE*.

HE CALLED A MEETING WITH ALL THE BOYS. THE GATE THAT NIGHT HAD BEEN LOUSY, SO HE COULDN'T PAY US. BEFORE ANYBODY COULD MOAN, HE LAID OUT HIS PLANS FOR THE NEXT SHOW.

THEN HE OPENED THE DOOR, SAID NO HARD FEELINGS, ANYBODY WHO WANTED TO COULD *WALK*.

NOBODY DID.

EVERYBODY HAD A STAKE IN MY GIMMICK.

BOBBY HAD TO PUT HIS HOME UP, BUT HE CONVINCED THE BANK INTO GIVING HIM ONE MORE LOAN.

HE THEN BOOKED CHAMPIONSHIP AT THE *CIVIC ARENA*. A BIG VENUE, THREE TIMES THE SIZE OF ANY WE'D EVER BEEN IN.

FLYERS WENT UP ALL OVER TOWN HAWKING THE EVENT. WORD SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE.

MARIE WAS RIGHT. THEY *ALL* WANTED A PIECE OF ME.

I JUST HAD TO MAKE IT REALLY WORTH THEIR WHILE.

BEFORE YOU PICK THAT UP, I WANT YOU TO *UNDERSTAN'* SOMETHIN'.

IT'S *MINE.* NOT YOURS. AN' I'M *VERY* ATTACHED TO IT.

YOU WALK OUTTA HERE WITH IT, I'M GONNA *MISS* IT. I'M GONNA MISS IT SO TERRIBLE, I'M GONNA ASK MYSELF OVER AN' OVER...

SATURDAY NIGHT.

...WHEN WILL I SEE IT *AGAIN?*

PLUS FIFTEEN PERCENT.

RIGHT.

AS *RAIN.* AN' IF IT *AIN'T,* ON *SUNDAY* MORNING I WILL TAKE YOUR HAND AN' SLAM IT IN A CAR TRUNK.

AN' WHEN YER DOWN ON YER KNEES, TRYIN' TO HOLD TOGETHER A BAG OF SHATTERED BONES AND USELESS FINGERS THAT I PERSONALLY GUARANTEE WON'T EVER HOLD ANY-THING AGAIN...

...I'LL LET YOU KNOW WHAT I'LL BREAK ON *MONDAY.* DO YOU *UNDERSTAND?*

WHAT ARE *THESE?*

RINGSIDE SEATS.

SEAT 27A
27A
SEAT
RINGSIDE SEATS
WRESTLING
ARENA
UM

MAN O MAN, A FULL HOUSE...

...I AIN'T NEVER SEEN *NOTHIN'* LIKE THIS.

NERVOUS, KID?

WHAT IF I MESS UP?

YOU ***WON'T.*** FEED OFF THE FANS' ENERGY...

...AN' THEY'LL BE EATIN' OUTTA YOUR ***HAND.***

MAYBE. BUT THEY AIN'T HERE TO SEE ***ME.***

THEY'RE ***ALL*** HERE FOR YOU.

AN' ***I'M*** HERE...

...FOR ***YOU.***

I ***KNOW,*** CRUSHER...

...THANKS.

WHEN GLOBAL GOT WIND OF WHAT WE WERE DOING, MR. KEVIN CALLED. SAID THE GIMMICK WAS BRILLIANT, SAID I WAS OFFERING EVERY FAN A CHANCE TO FULFILL HIS DREAMS.

DOUBLED HIS OFFER TO ME. I LAUGHED AT HIM.

THE CARD WAS TOP-RATE, FROM THE CURTAIN CALLERS ON OUT.

ALL THE BOYS, THEY MADE ME PROUD. AND THE FANS LOVED EVERY MINUTE OF IT. THE RISES, THE FALLS, THE BEAUTIFUL BUILD...

...TO THE *MAIN EVENT.*

CRUSHER HOGAN VERSUS *THE FANS.*

A TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR PRIZE TO ANY MAN WHO COULD LAST THREE MINUTES IN THE RING WITH ME.

THE ROAR IS DEAFENING. THEY *ALL* WANT A PIECE OF ME.

AND THE MONEY INSURED THEY *ALWAYS WOULD.*

THIS GIMMICK HAS LEGS -- LEGS CHAMPIONSHIP CAN STAND ON.

WE COULD TAKE IT ON THE ROAD. 'CAUSE FROM NYC TO BFE, THERE ARE GUYS WHO EITHER KNOW SOMEONE --

--OR THINK THEY CAN --

--DO WHAT *I* DO. BUT WHAT I DO IS *WRESTLE. FOR REAL.*

I'M A *SHOOTER.*

LIKE I TOLD MR. KEVIN, THIS GIMMICK HAD *NOTHING* TO DO WITH DREAMS. THE FANS *HATE* ME.

I'M THEIR *WORST NIGHTMARE.*

HE SAID THAT WAS THE *BEAUTY* OF THE GIMMICK, 'CAUSE IF THEY TRULY HATED ME...?

THE MAN THAT *BEAT* ME...?

...WOULD BE A HERO.

THE LAST SHOOT

#15

SEOUL
AUTO
REPAIR

DITKO

LEEDS

POPE

STOP

P.3 W1 /2

KEEP
OUT
BZZT
ZZZK

RZZL!

BZZT SPAK ZZK!!

ALSESA

ELEKTRE K

BZZT BZZ

S-PAK-T BZZ

AMP K VIII

UPI- INTL

ZAPT

SSAKT

CRACKL

ZAP-ZA

IN RELATED NEWS, THE FIRST AMALGAMATED BANK OF NEW YORK CITY PLANS TO UNVEIL ITS NEW MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR **SECURITY SYSTEM** IN THE MORNING.

SEVEN YEARS IN THE MAKING, THIS SYSTEM INVOLVED A DOZEN DESIGN ENGINEERS FROM FOUR COUNTRIES.

FEH.

THE AMALGAMATED SYSTEM IS ALREADY BEING CALLED THE **PRIDE** OF THE SECURITY INDUSTRY.

FORMER BRIGADIER GENERAL, NOW AMALGAMATED CEO, JAMES PASCOE, BOASTED OF THE SUPERIORITY OF THEIR SYSTEM IN A PRESS CONFERENCE YESTERDAY.

"THE AMALGAMATED SYSTEM IS SO ADVANCED, IT BELONGS IN THE NEXT CENTURY, NOT THIS ONE...

HUDSON

MANHATTAN

NYC

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O

"...OUR SYSTEM IS SO SOPHISTICATED, NOT EVEN AN **INSECT** COULD SNEAK PAST US UNDETECTED."

HAH!

FLIP

... THE MAYOR HIMSELF WILL BE ON HAND FOR THE CEREMONIAL *RIBBON CUTTING* AND GALA BREAKFAST RECEPTION HELD AT THE BANK'S DOWNTOWN MAIN BUILDING IN THE MORNING...

SNORT!

KNOCK KNOCK

...ALMOST TIME...

KLICKT

KLACK

THERE YOU ARE, MISTER KROLNEK!

WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO LOOK AT OUR RADIATOR? IT STILL LEAKS! YOU *PROMISED* --

MISTER KROLNEK...?

I'LL LOOK AT IT *TOMORROW,* MRS. PENG.

THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID YESTERDAY!

HEY, SUPER! LOOKS LIKE YA PACKED FOR A *TRIP!* NOT BEFORE YA FIX THE DRYWALL IN OUR PLACE, I HOPE!

MISTER KROLNEK?

...CALLIN' THE LANDLORD TOMORROW...

GRUMBLE-GRUMBLE --

KLICK

BOOM BA-BOOM-BOOM

TRICK OR TREAT

WHAT'S ALL THAT CLATTER?

CAN'T HARDLY HEAR MYSELF THINK -- *HEY!*

HEATHER!

HEY -- LITTLE GIRL!

HEY -- WHAT'D'YA THINK THIS IS, A ZOO?!

IT'S *ONE* IN THE *MORNING!*

DON'T YOU KNOW PEOPLE GOTTA *SLEEP* AROUND HERE?! WHAT'S *WRONG* WITH YOU?

ONE night only!

3RD

$3!

GAMES!

RIDES!

FUN!

FOOD TOWN

UH-OH!

WHAT'S THAT BEHIND YOU?

=ULP!= NOTHIN'!

IT'S THAT FREAK, SPIDER-MAN -- BACK UP AGAIN! WHAT'D I TELL YOU ABOUT THAT?!

BUT, DAD --

DON'T YOU "BUT, DAD" ME --

THOSE LOUSY THINGS ARE COMING DOWN RIGHT NOW!

HEY, DAD! DON'T!

GET *OUT* OF MY WAY!

DAD! DON'T -- THOSE ARE MINE! *HEY!*

THAT'S *MY* WALL!

YOUR WALL? *YOUR* WALL?! IT'S *MY* WALL!

DO YOU HAVE A *JOB*? DO YOU PAY THE *BILLS* AROUND HERE?

YOU -- BUT-BUT -- THE WEB-SLINGER, HE'S COOL --

COOL! RAD! AWESOME! *BAH* --

JUST LIKE YOUR MOTHER! SPIDER-MAN IS A FREAK! *A FREAK!*

BOOM BOOM

FZZZRPT!

I DON'T WANT TO SEE HIS FACE ANYMORE.

NOT TACKED UP ON *MY* WALL. UNDERSTAND?

RIP!!

MAN... JEEZ --

THIS ONE WAS HARD TO COME BY...

I TOLD YOU WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF YOU PUT THOSE PICTURES BACK UP AGAIN. STOP CRYING.

YOU ONLY HAVE *YOURSELF* TO BLAME.

IS YOUR HOMEWORK DONE? AND THE CHORES I GAVE YOU?

=SNIFF= Y-YES...

GOOD, THEN GET YOUR BUTT IN BED. IT'S LATE.

=SNUFFLE= =SNIFF=

SHFF..

-ZZPT!

JET

=CLICK=

HE'S GONE.

JUST LIKE EVERY OTHER NIGHT THIS WEEK, ABOUT THIS TIME...

HE WAITS UNTIL HE THINKS I'M ASLEEP, THEN HE GOES OUT.

AND HE WON'T COME BACK UNTIL JUST BEFORE I GOTTA GET UP FOR SCHOOL.

KLOP KLOP KLOP

FINE BY ME.

MAYBE HE'S GOTTA GIRLFRIEND SOMEPLACE... *EWW, GROSS!*

SOME NASTY TROLL-LADY JUST LIKE HIM, WHO LIVES UNDER A BRIDGE -- *HA HA --*

KSSKT!

APPEARE

23RD

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

3RD

ING DEL

THERE. GOOD AS NEW!

GOSH. I WONDER WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE UNDER THAT MASK, ANYWAY? DOES HE HAVE GREEN EYES? BLUE?

I'LL BET HE'S HANDSOME -- BET HE LOOKS LIKE A *MOVIE STAR.*

I'LL BET SPIDER-MAN LOOKS JUST LIKE *BENICIO DEL TORO!* YUM!

*-- WE **INTERRUPT** OUR REGULAR PROGRAMMING TO BRING YOU THIS **LATE-BREAKING NEWS.***

*THERE HAVE BEEN UNCONFIRMED REPORTS AT THIS MOMENT OF A **COSTUMED SUPER-VILLAIN** ENGAGED IN A DEADLY FIREFIGHT WITH THE NYPD AT THE AMALGAMATED BANK ON FULTON STREET AND BROADWAY, DOWNTOWN.*

...HUH?

!

...THE PERPETRATOR IS WEARING WHAT APPEARS TO BE A WEAPONIZED EXOSKELETON, AND CALLS HIMSELF THE "STAG BEETLE".

THE POLICE HAVE STOPPED ALL SOUTHBOUND TRAFFIC GOING...

STAG BEETLE?

DO THEY MEAN *THE* BEETLE?

BUT THE BEETLE WAS BUSTED LAST *CHRISTMAS!* I GOT IT *ALL* RIGHT *HERE!*

YEP -- MARION CORRECTIONAL, TWENTY-TO-LIFE. MYSTERIO... ELECTRO...

FLIP "FLIP"

ELECTRICAL POWERS USED IN CITY'S WORST ATTACK. 'ELECTRO' AT LARGE ...

MAYBE THEY MEAN *HIM?* HE'S GOT *BODY ARMOR.* NO, HE'S IN JAIL, TOO.

OH BOY! IT MUST BE A *NEW* GUY!

FULTON AND BROADWAY... THAT'S NOT FAR FROM HERE. I COULD MAKE IT ON MY BIKE IF I HURRY!

IT'S *GOTTA* BE A *NEW* GUY!

LOWER MANHATTAN

EAST RIVER

HUDSON RIVER

PARK

TRANSIT

ZIPPT!

KLIK KLAKKK... KLACK...

KLOP KLAP KLOK

MY FIRST SUPER-VILLAIN.

KLOP...

CRINGE, PUNY HUMANS!

YOUR GUNS ARE NO MATCH FOR MY *FORCE BLASTS!*

VWAP!!!

1-1138

NYPD

IS EVERYBODY OUTTA THE BUILDING?

YEAH. IT WAS JUST THE NIGHT WATCHMAN AND A JANITOR. THE PLACE IS EMPTY!

WHERE'S THIS GREAT NEW SECURITY SYSTEM THEY BEEN BRAGGIN' ABOUT?!

YER *LOOKIN'* AT IT!

SARGE! CHIEF SAYS A-OKAY ON THE *BIG GUNS!*

I GOTTA GET A CLOSER LOOK... WHILE NO ONE'S LOOKING...

IF I CAN JUST *SLIP* AROUND THE SIDE...

KILLS BUGS DEAD, SARGE.

JUST MAKE IT COUNT.

THREE -- TWO --

ONE!

BLOOM

NYPD
DARE
WOW!
KEEP THESE CROWDS BACK! BACK!
POOF!!
POLICE · POLICE · POLICE
HEY, HEY! DON'T PUSH!
BACK, PEOPLE!
CALL THE CHIEF -- SEE IF WE CAN USE THE HEAVY ARTILLERY!
WHAT THE HELL'S THAT THING MADE OUTTA?
CRETINS! WORMS!
NO ONE IS SAFE FROM MY FURY!
HE'S A NUTBALL!

=COUGH= =COUGH= -- HA

HEH- HEH --

HEH- HEH-HA HAH!

IS THAT THE *BEST* YOU CAN DO?!!

PATHETIC FOOLS!

ZAP!!

THIS IS GETTIN' TOO HOT FOR ME! I DON'T LIKE IT!

THAT STAIRWELL --

VWAP

WHAT A *MESS!*

SKILLED HAND

THE SKILLED

LOOKS LIKE HE'S ALREADY BEEN UP HERE --

HUH?

URGH -- URF! URF!

HE'S COMIN' THIS WAY! HIDE!

GET -- *HUFF HUFF*

ERGH -- FEELS *BROKEN...*

HUFF
HUFF
THE
SHUFFL
SKFF
SKRFT
PANT
PANT
JETPACK --
HUFF
HUFF

GOSH.

SHFF...

SLAP!

BUMP

HE --

HE WENT *THAT WAY...*

FLIP!

WHOA.

HE -- HUFF HUFF --

WEB SLINGER --

KLOPT KLOP

TH

PA KA THUMP KA

SPIDER-MAN...

WAIT A MINUTE!

KA THUMP

HOLD IT -- TH-THAT JETS BAG --?

!

DAD!

THE COLLABORATOR

#16

LEANDRO FERNANDEZ JOSE VILLARRUBIA

HARLEM GENERAL --?

--A HEART ATTACK?

--IN THE MIDDLE OF A BANK ROBBERY?

--WAITA MINUTE... WHO...?!

THEY GOT 'IM!

BRING THAT CRASH CART OVER HERE -- AND SOMEBODY GET SOME CHAMPAGNE ON ICE -- STAT!

HOW'D THEY NAIL HIM? WAS IT SPI --

NO. HE HAD A FREAKIN' HEART ATTACK -- WHILE HE WAS ROBBING A BANK!

HOLY...

IS THAT HIS BLOOD?

NO WAY.

NOT EVEN A BULLET COULD GET THROUGH THIS SKIN...

SNAP

Stan Lee presents
Spider-Man's
Tangled Web
featuring
Tombstone in

Heartbreaker

WHAT THE HELL AM I SUPPOSED TO *DO* WITH THIS GUY? I CAN'T EVEN *X-RAY* HIM, LET ALONE *OPERATE*...

DOCTOR ROBINSON?

WE'RE WITH THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT, SIR... *WE'LL* TAKE IT FROM HERE.

TOMBSTONE'S ILL-FATED *JACK-MOVE* ON A FEDERAL BANK PUTS HIM SQUARELY IN *OUR JURISDICTION*...

FBI

FBI

SKR ITCH SKR ITCH

THANK GOD...

THANK YOU FOR YOUR SWIFT COOPERATION, DOCTOR. REST ASSURED THAT THE PRISONER'S MEDICAL NEEDS WILL BE --

SAVE THE SPEECH, OKAY?

BECAUSE, QUITE FRANKLY, I DON'T CARE IF YOU *LEECH* THE ALBINO FREAK, JUST SO LONG AS YOU DO IT FAR, FAR AWAY FROM HARLEM.

ARE WE CLEAR?

CRYSTAL.

AND DON'T WORRY, DOC -- WHERE *HE'S* GOING...

"...IS AS FAR AWAY AS IT GETS."

THERE SHE IS, GENTS -- THE CAGE!

ULTRA, ULTRA-SECURE AND FULL TO THE RAFTERS WITH THE WORST HUMANITY HAS TO OFFER! THIS ANIMAL'LL FIT RIGHT IN!

YEAH -- THEY CAN ALL SIT AROUND AND TELL SPIDER-MAN STORIES TOGETHER!

BYE-BYE, TOUGH GUY!

GAH!

WHERE THE HELL AM I?

WELCOME TO FANTASY ISLAND! TELL 'IM ALL ABOUT IT, TATTOO!

YEAH... WHATEVER.

FZZAKK

THAT REALLY ISN'T FUNNY, SIR.

AW, SURE IT IS, McKENNA.

NOW LET'S GET THIS MUTT OVER TO "CENTRAL PROCESSING."

CHAK CHAK CHAK

WWWWWZZZZZZ

ANALYSIS PROTOCOL INITIATED...

HUH?

WWWWWZZZZZZ

GAAAK!

...ABNORMAL CELL GROWTH DETECTED... ...ANALYZING...

...NEGATED. ABERRANT SYNAPTIC RESPONSE DETECTED...

...PROBING...

ANALYSIS COMPLETE. PRISONER'S FILE LOGGED AND UPLOADED TO SECURITY SHIELD. ALL ABNORMALITIES NEGATED. WITHDRAWING PROBE...

WWWWWZZZZZZ

BLOOP

ALL RIGHT. THIS ONE'S *DONE.*

THEY SENT US A *WINNER* THIS TIME.

AT LEAST *TWO* HEART ATTACKS... SCANS LOOK NORMAL -- I DON'T THINK HE STROKED -- BUT GEEZ... *LOOK* AT THIS THING. THAT'S WHAT *SOUL FOOD* WILL DO FOR YOU, GENTLEMEN...

AN AFRICAN-AMERICAN WITH THAT KIND OF *STRESS* ON HIS HEART... QUITE HONESTLY, I FIND IT HARD TO BELIEVE THAT IT TOOK *THIS* LONG.

I DIDN'T REALIZE *TOMBSTONE* WAS *BLACK*...

AND HE'S *ALBINO* -- WHICH MAKES HIM *GRAY!*

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT... ALL JOKES ASIDE, WE'RE LOOKING AT A SERIOUS CASE HERE. *ANGIOPLASTY* WON'T CUT IT.

THE GUY'S GOING TO HAVE TO GET *OPENED UP*, THAT MUCH IS OBVIOUS. THAT MEANS SHIPPING HIM TO THE MAINLAND, SINCE THE SURGICAL WING ISN'T UP YET.

I AGREE: BLOOD THINNERS AND SEDATIVES, ZERO EXERTION...

WAITAMINUTE, WAITAMINUTE -- YOU *REALLY* THINK THIS GUY WILL *MAKE* IT TO THE HOSPITAL?

IN *THIS* PLACE, IN *HIS* CONDITION... ALL I CAN SAY IS *THIS:*

HE'D BETTER MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION ON THE *WARDEN.*

IS THIS THE PART WHERE YOU LAY DOWN THE LAW?

NO. IT'S THE PART WHERE I SEND YOU TO GEN-POP.

CAPTAIN SANGESE, IF YOU PLEASE...

OH, PLEASE...NOT GEN-POP, BR'ER WARDEN.

MOVE, BOY!

OH, AND ONE MORE THING: I'VE BEEN ADVISED TO TELL YOU NOT TO ***EXERT*** YOURSELF...DUE TO YOUR UNFORTUNATE ***HEART*** CONDITION.

THAT'S RIGHT, TOMBSTONE...

...PLAY IT TOUGH. YOU'LL SOON REALIZE THAT NEITHER YOU NOR ANY OF YOUR FELLOW INMATES HAVE THE BENEFIT OF ANY SPECIAL POWERS...THERE'S A FIELD SURROUNDING THE PRISON THAT NULLIFIES THEM. IT MAKES FOR QUITE AN INTERESTING DYNAMIC, LET ME ASSURE YOU.

DON'T WORRY 'BOUT ME, WARDEN. I'LL ***BLEND RIGHT IN...***

YOU KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR *ME*, TOMBSTONE! I AIN'T FORGOT WHAT YOU DONE T'MY *SISTER!*

--OR MY *COUSIN*, ESE!

--OR MY *DOG!* HOW COULD YOU *DO* SUCH A THING?

41

SAY HELLO TO YOUR NEW *BUNK-BUDDY*, OHNN.

OH, NO...

CLOSE TWO-FOUR-EIGHT!

SLAM

OHNN... NOW WHERE'VE I HEARD THAT *NAME* BEFORE?

OH, *YEAH... NOW* I GOT IT.

S-SO... H-HOW DID YOU END UP *HERE?* D-DID *HE* GET YOU?

WHO?

YOU KNOW... *HIM.*

OH... *HIM.*

SQUILCH

WASN'T *HIM.*

...NOT 'LESS HE WORKS A DAY JOB IN HARLEM AS A *FRY-COOK.*

WHAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND IS WHAT THE HELL *YOU'RE* DOIN' HERE. HOW COME YOU DON'T JUS' *WALK OUT* -- THAT'S WHAT YOU *DO,* RIGHT?

THE... UH, P-PRISON IS S-SURROUNDED BY A FIELD THAT N-NEGATES MY, UH...

YEAH, I *HEARD.*

BUT Y'KNOW WHAT I THINK? I THINK IT'S CUZ YER AFRAID O' *SPIDER-MAN* KICKIN' YER BUTT AGAIN... OR MAYBE YA GOT A *SPECIAL FRIEND* YA DON'T WANNA LEAVE *BEHIND* --?

HARDLY... SPIDER-MAN WOULD BE A *GODSEND.* THE INMATES IN HERE ARE *CLANNISH SAVAGES* AND THE GUARDS ARE EVEN *WORSE.*

CONSEQUENTLY, I *HAVE* NO FRIENDS IN THIS PLACE.

WELL, *YA GOT ONE NOW.*

--AN' YER **DESSERT**, I WANT THAT, TOO. MAKE SURE YA GET EXTRA **CORN BREAD**, IF THERE'S ANY.

TOMBSTONE!

WRONG **LINE**, CONVICT! YOU GOT SPECIAL **DIETARY** NEEDS, SO YOU GO OVER **THERE**...

...WITH THE **REST** OF THE FEEBS! **MOVE**, BOY!

EH, DON'T WORRY, SONNY -- YOU'LL GET USED TO BEIN' A **PUNK**...

WATCH IT, OLD MAN...

BAD GUY

SLOP

GIVE UP THE HOT SAUCE, PUNK.

WELL, WELL, "TOMBSTONE." HE FINALLY *GOT* YOU, DID HE?

DIET SALT

WASN'T *HIM*, WAS--

OY, ABBO...

'EAR YER A REAL HAHD-*CHAH-JUH*...ROIGHT *GIFTY* WIT' THE CROIM JOBBAH! SMOLE FISHIES NOW, THEN, MOIT. RECKON OY'LL TAKE ME EVENIN' STROLL UP YE *TUBE-O* --

WHUDD

WHATEVER.

--OOOOOHH!

WHUDD

OOOOHH!

WHUDD

OOOOHH!

ME... BEERIES...

"BEERIES"? SPEAK ENGLISH, YOU AUSSIE --

WHOKK

-- PUNK?

AWRIGHT, BOY...*DADDY'S HOME.* GET READY FOR...

...AW DAMN... MY...

...HEART?

BROKK

'N THE CRAY-OWD GOES *WOILD!*

RECESS'S *OVER,* KNUCKLEHEADS! BACK TO YOUR BLOCKS!

NICE, TOMBSTONE. GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE *BLENDIN' RIGHT IN.*

ROCKET RACER.

HYPNO-HUSTLER.

BIG BEN.

LISTEN UP: YOU'RE A *CREW*, NOW...

...*MY* CREW.

THAT MEANS WE WATCH EACH OTHER'S *BACKS*.

YOU HEAR ANYBODY TALKIN' ABOUT MOVIN' ON ANYBODY *ELSE* IN THE CREW -- ESPECIALLY *ME* -- YOU COME TO *ME* WITH IT.

YOU GOT A BEEF WITH ANYBODY *IN* THE CREW, YOU COME TO *ME*.

YOU DO *WHAT* I WANT, *WHEN* I WANT -- NO QUESTIONS. YOU FOLLOW *MY* LEAD, WE'LL HAVE THIS THING SEWED UP.

HOW WE GONNA DO THAT, BABY? DON'T *NOBODY RESPECT US*...

DON'T NOBODY RESPECT *YOU* -- AN' FOR GOOD REASON. I SEEN YOUR *COSTUME*, YOU DISCO REJECT.

HELL, YEAH, TOMBSTONE! YOU TELL THAT BOOTSY COLLINS MUH--

SHUT UP, BOY -- I SEEN *YOURS*, TOO.

ONLY WAY TO GET RESPECT IN A PLACE LIKE THIS IS TO MAKE A *BIG MOVE*...THAT MEANS WHACKIN' SOMEBODY. WHICH IS WHAT WE'RE GONNA *DO*.

WHO?

WHO YOU *THINK*?

KANGAROO?

GOOD LORD! IS *THAT* WHAT HE CALLS HISSELF?

WAIT... I THOUGHT KANGAROO WAS *DEAD.*

HE IS *NOW.*

HE'S THE *MARK.* WHAT I NEED FROM YOU THREE IS TO FIND OUT WHEN AND WHERE WE CAN CATCH HIS BUTT *ALONE.*

WHO'S GOT A *BLADE?*

NOT ME.

NOPE.

NAH, BABY -- ALL I GOTS IS SOME *VASELINE...*

VASELINE...?

COME T'THINK OF IT...THAT MAY COME IN *HANDY...*

I SEEN YOU COME IN HERE ALONE...

...FIGURED YOU MUST BE *LOOKIN'* FOR SOMETHIN'.

I JUST *FOUND* IT.

CODE SIX -- SHOWER ROOM FOUR! WEAR YOUR GLOVES -- IT'S A MESS IN HERE!

--AN' ONE T'GROW ON, YA MUTT!

AN' WHAT'RE YOU CHUCKLEHEADS LOOKIN' AT? CLEAR THE HELL OUT!

SLAM

KLIK

41

NO MORE SECOND CHANCES, TOMBSTONE! FROM NOW ON, YOU SO MUCH AS BREAK WIND WITHOUT CLEARANCE, YOU'RE GOIN' TO THE FREAKIN' HOLE --

--FOR GOOD!

DAMN, BABY. THEY DONE PUT A SPIDER-MAN BEATIN' ON YO --!

C'MERE... I GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU.

WHAT THE --? HOW'D YOU GET THAT PAST SANGESE --?

HID IT. TOLD YOU THAT VASELINE WOULD COME IN HANDY. NOW YOU --

AW, NO...

CHECK IT OUT. WE GOT SOMETHIN' ON KANGAROO: DUDE CAN'T READ!

SO?

SO HE'S LEARNIN'... TWICE A WEEK IN THE LIBRARY. AN' GUESS WHO'S TEACHIN' 'IM?

OH, THAT'S PERFECT...

NO.

WHAT'D YOU JUST SAY TO ME?

I -- I CAN'T!

YOU CAN AN' YOU WILL --

--OR I'M GONNA MAKE THE LAST BEATIN' SPIDER-MAN GAVE YA SEEM LIKE A HUG FROM YER GRANNY.

GET THE PICTURE, PUNK?

WHAM

Y-YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!

I'M UP FOR PAROLE IN THREE DAYS! I'VE ALREADY BEEN DENIED ONCE! I CAN'T DO ANYTHING THAT WOULD JEOPARDIZE MY CHANCES AT PAROLE! AND...

...AND YOU CAN THREATEN ME ALL YOU WANT, BUT IF I HAVE TO SERVE OUT THE REST OF MY TIME -- IN HERE WITH THESE ANIMALS -- I SWEAR, I'LL KILL MYSELF. I MEAN IT.

MAYBE I'M NOT MAKIN' MYSELF CLEAR...

OHNN'S GONNA DO IT -- *TOMORROW* IN THE *LIBRARY*, WHEN HE LEAVES TO TAKE A LEAK, WE GO IN. IT'S *ALL* SET UP.

--AND DON'T EVEN *TRY* TO HIDE THOSE BISCUITS FROM ME, FATTY...

DANG...

YOU THREE GO IN FIRST. RUSH 'IM, GET 'IM DOWN AN' *I'LL* SHANK 'IM. WE ONLY GET ONE SHOT AT THIS, SO DON'T MESS IT UP.

MAN... EVEN IF WE *GET* 'IM DOWN, HOW WE GONNA *KEEP* 'IM DOWN?

I DUNNO. HAVE *FATTY* OVER THERE *SIT* ON 'IM.

YEAH, WELL THIS *BETTER* WORK, 'CUZ KANGAROO'S CREW IS *ALREADY* LOOKIN' FOR SOME *PAYBACK*, KNOW'M SAYIN'?

'COURSE THEY ARE. THAT'S WHAT A CREW *DOES*, REMEMBER?

AIN'T KANGAROO'S *CREW* I'M WORRIED ABOUT. I MEAN, *LOOK* AT THAT DUDE! HE'S GONNA GO CRAZY AN' *KILL* US ALL!

I HEAR THE GUARDS IS *MAKIN' ODDS* ALREADY.

WHAT *KINDA* ODDS?

WEIGHT ROOM

PUSH IT, MAN... YOU GOT IT!

AAAHHH!

OY, ME BEAN BAG!

SO, WHEN ARE WE GONNA DO TOMBSTONE... YOU KNOW, FOR WHAT HE DONE -- *HRK!*

KNAWCK-O'D ME PUDDLE-MAKAH'S WHUDDY BLOODY-WELL DONE! PINK PETUNIAS IN THE HOLY-BOWLY AN' NO NOIGHT'S ROUGH-HOUSIN' DOWN THE BOTTLE-O!

WHAT...?

EASY YER NOGGINS, MITES... ME BLOCK-O'S A'GEARIN'. THE ABBO'S SKINT AN' OY'M DUE A CHEERY TAP-TAP SOON'S ME PLUMBIN'S ROGER-TODGER!

SO...

...SO WE'RE GONNA *KILL 'IM,* RIGHT?

FAYUH- *DINKUM,* WE'S GONNA KILL 'EEM...

McKENNA. A WORD?

BACK UP, CONVICT, 'FORE YER EGGS GIT COLD OR I BUST YER HEAD, ONE.

I WANNA LAY A BET.

ON WHAT?

ME.

YOU GOT SOME STONES, TOMBSTONE -- CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU, RIGHT?

S'WHAT I HEAR... BUT I AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE.

LOOK, YOU REALLY WANNA LAY THAT BET, YOU NEED TO TALK TO SANGESE, CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS. HE'S THE ONE RUNNIN' IT.

FIGURE SANGESE IS RUNNIN' A WHOLE LOTTA THINGS IN HERE...THAT'S WHY I'M TALKIN' TO YOU. 'BOUT RUNNIN' THINGS.

WELL? I'M LISTENIN'...

A'IGHT, DO IT *JUS'* LIKE I SAID...

MAN, I CAN'T BELIEVE WE USIN' *YO'* PLAN... AN' WHERE THE HELL'S *TOMBSTONE?*

SHH! THERE GOES *OHNN...* GET *READY!*

LIBRA

YO, KANGAROO -- YO' MAMA SEND ME THEM *DRAWERS* SHE PROMISED ME YET?

ME MAM?

Dick and Jane

OY! CHEEKY BAHSTAHD... OY'LL--

CROIKEY!

KRACK

GAH!

VASELINE, BABY! I *TOL'* Y'ALL IT'D WORK!

BEN, GET YO' FAT BUTT OVER HERE AN' *SIT* ON 'IM, YO! STICK WIT' THE *PLAN!*

BUMP THAT PLAN... *WHERE THE HELL'S TOMBSTONE?*

I'M RIGHT HERE.

HURRY UP, YO! WE CAN'T HOLD 'IM MUCH LONGER!

OH, OY'M GONNA KEEL YEEZ -- 'AHD LOIK!

NOT SO FAST... I WANNA *ENJOY* THIS.

KRACK

YOU AN' ME *BOTH*, TOMBSTONE!

DANIEL WAY
LEANDRO FERNANDEL 02

YER GOIN' TO THE HOLE FOR THIS ONE, BOY! AN' IN *YOUR* CONDITION, I PERSONALLY *GUARANTEE* YOU *AIN'T* COMIN' OUT!

#17

SO, JONATHAN... PLEASE TELL US WHY WE SHOULD CONSIDER GRANTING YOU ***PAROLE*** AT THIS TIME. I SEE THAT THIS IS YOUR... ***SECOND*** TIME BEFORE THE BOARD...

6

YES, SIR, IT IS. AND, IF I MAY, I'D LIKE TO SAY THAT THE BOARD WAS ***CORRECT*** IN ITS ASSESSMENT OF MY STABILITY AT THAT POINT IN TIME --

I WAS NOT ***FULLY REHABILITATED,*** AND I WAS UNPREPARED TO REJOIN ORDERED SOCIETY.

ARE YOU SAYING THAT YOU ARE NOW READY TO REJOIN SOCIETY AS A ***LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN?*** THAT YOU WILL NOT RESUME YOUR... ***CRIMINAL CAREER?***

YES, MA'AM, THAT IS ***EXACTLY*** WHAT I AM SAYING.

AS YOU CAN SEE IN MY FILE, I HAVE, IN THE PAST TWO YEARS, HELPED FOUR OTHER INMATES ACHIEVE QUALIFYING SCORES ON THEIR G.E.D. EXAMS.

WITH MY ACADEMIC BACKGROUND, I THOUGHT IT WASTEFUL NOT TO HELP OTHERS BETTER THEMSELVES BY FURTHERING THEIR EDUCATION. I BELIEVE I HAVE FOUND MY ***CALLING.***

YES, WE'VE SEEN THIS IN YOUR ***FILE.***

IF YOU WOULD, PLEASE TELL US ABOUT YOUR INVOLVEMENT WITH LONNIE LINCOLN... AKA ***"TOMBSTONE."*** HE IS YOUR ***CELL-MATE,*** IS THAT CORRECT?

HE WAS, SIR. FOR A ***SHORT WHILE.*** A MOST... ***DISAGREEABLE*** MAN.

A VERY ***DANGEROUS MAN.*** YET, DESPITE THE POSSIBLE CONSEQUENCES OF ***BETRAYING*** SUCH A MAN, YOU INFORMED THE GUARDS OF HIS PLOT TO KILL ANOTHER INMATE...

...KNOWING THAT IT MIGHT VERY WELL COST YOU YOUR ***LIFE?***

I HAVE MADE A GREAT MANY ***MISTAKES*** IN MY LIFE. WHEN I WAS A ***FREE*** MAN, I NEVER USED MY POWERS TOWARD A NOBLE END, NEVER REACHED OUT TO HELP THOSE IN NEED, EVEN THOUGH I MIGHT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE.

FOR ***THIS*** I AM ***ASHAMED.***

IT WAS NOT UNTIL THOSE POWERS WERE STRIPPED AWAY AND I WAS INCARCERATED IN ***THIS PLACE*** -- WITH A CLASS OF PEOPLE BARELY WORTH SAVING -- THAT I, FINALLY AND FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE, SEIZED THE OPPORTUNITY AND BECAME, FOR LACK OF A BETTER WORD...

...A ***HERO.***

Stan Lee presents Spider-Man's Tangled Web featuring Tombstone in

Heartbreaker

THAT'S SO... ***BEAUTIFUL.***

CHOW TIME, TOMBSTONE! AN' LEMME TELL YA, BOY, IT'S LOOKIN' GOOD!

MILK

MILK

MILK

MMMM...

THOUGHT YA MIGHT LIKE TO KNOW THAT YOUR BOY OHNN'S PAROLE WENT THROUGH -- AN' JUS' BETWEEN YOU, ME, AN' THESE WALLS, I THINK RATTIN' YOU OUT WAS THE CLINCHER.

HEY -- AREN'T YOU S'POSED TO GET SOME PILLS OR SOMETHIN' FOR THAT BAD TICKER OF YOURS? SHOOT, MUSTA DROPPED 'EM.

KLACK

OH, YEAH -- KANGAROO SENDS ALL HIS BEST -- SAYS HE CAN'T WAIT TA SEE YA WHEN YA GET OUTTA THE HOLE.

MILK

GONNA KILL YOU...

-- KEEL YEZ!

NOT ON *MY* WATCH, KANGAROO! SOON'S THEY BLACK OUT, RECESS IS OVER! YOU GOT *TWO MINUTES!*

ROIGHT-O, BOSSAH!

GOAL!! AUZZIE-AUZZIE-AUZZIE!

OY! OY! OY!

YOU SHOW THAT NASTY MAN, YOU BIG HUNKA *AUSSIE LOVIN'!*

HEE-EEEEY!

OY! SHUTCHA GOBBAH, YEH BUN-BAKIN' *BAHSTAHDS!*

HE IS *SO* FLIRTING WITH YOU.

D'YOU *THINK?*

WHATTA YA *THINK,* McKENNA -- SHOULD WE CALL DON KING AN' *MAKE* A FEW BUCKS?

WE SHOULD *LOCK 'EM* DOWN, THAT'S WHAT *I* THINK.

NOW, YOU WOULDN'T WANNA GO SPOILIN' EVERYBODY'S *FUN* AN' TELL THE *WARDEN* ABOUT THIS, WOULD YOU?

GET OFF IT, SANGESE -- YOU KNOW WELL AS ME THAT I GOTTA FILE MY INCIDENT REPORTS WITH *YOU.*

STAY IN LINE

CROIKEY, MITE -- DOAN TAKE IT *S'AHD.* Z'NOT LOIK THE MUGGERIN' OY'M TA GIVE YA *MITE* TEWMBSTOON...

EEP

OKAY, TOMBSTONE, TIME FOR --

HOLY &^$#! I THINK HE'S *DEAD!*

WHAT THE HELL ARE WE GONNA DO?

RELAX... HE *ALWAYS* LOOKS LIKE THAT. HE'S FINE.

I DON'T *THINK* SO, MAN. TAKE A LOOK YOURSELF.

HE'S ARRESTING! GO! GO! GO!

HAS HE BEEN GETTING HIS MEDS?

HE'S BEEN GETTING THEM -- DON'T KNOW IF HE ACTUALLY TAKES THEM OR NOT. HE'S BEEN IN THE HOLE...

BEEP BEEP BEEP

WE GOT A RHYTHM!

THAT'S AT LEAST TWO MAJOR INFARCTIONS IN LESS THAN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS. CAN WE DO A CAT SCAN HERE YET?

NOT YET, DOCTOR.

GREAT. FOR ALL I KNOW HIS BRAIN'S A FREAKIN' SALAD BAR BY NOW.

WHEN'S HIS SURGERY SCHEDULED?

ELEVEN DAYS.

NO GOOD -- WE GOTTA STEP IT UP. GET THE WARDEN ON THE PHONE FOR ME. AND CALL THE MAINLAND -- TELL THEM WE'RE COMING IN...

...AND THEY BETTER BE READY!

DON'T GO NOWHERE, DOC!

GOT SOMETHIN' FOR YA.

GOOD LORD... WHAT HAPPENED HERE?

I'M THINKIN' ONE OF THOSE LOVE TRIANGLE THINGS -- YA KNOW? BUT THEY DECIDED TO SETTLE IT LIKE GENTLEMEN...

RIGHT. SO... YOU'RE TELLING ME THAT THESE THREE MEN GOT INTO A FIGHT AND BEAT EACH OTHER INTO A STATE OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS? WHO THREW THE LAST PUNCH?

WELL, COME TA THINK OF IT, MAYBE THEY SLIPPED IN THE SHOWER --

HEY -- IS THAT TOMBSTONE OVER THERE?

SO... IS HE DEAD OR WHAT?

AUGHHH...

WHOAH... HAVEN'T FELT *THIS* BAD SINCE THAT TIME I GOT HIT BY A *CADILLAC.*

HIT AN' RUN?

NAH... SPIDER-MAN *THREW* IT AT ME.

OH.

WELL, YOUR PLAN WORKED -- THEY'VE RESCHEDULED YOUR SURGERY FOR *THIS AFTERNOON...* AN' I GOT THE DETAIL. MEANS I'LL BE RIDIN' SHOTGUN IN THE AMBULANCE.

NO. I WANT *YOU* TO BOW OUT AT THE VERY LAST MINUTE. I WANT *SANGESE* IN THAT AMBULANCE.

YOU *CRAZY,* TOMBSTONE? SANGESE'LL PUT A BULLET IN YOU SOON'S THAT AMBULANCE CLEARS THE LOADING BAY.

HE'LL GET *AWAY* WITH IT, TOO. I'VE SEEN HIM DO IT.

I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES. IN THE MEANTIME, I WANT YOU T'DELIVER A COUPLA *MESSAGES* FOR ME.

LOOK, I AIN'T NO *MESSAGE BOY --*

LISTEN, PUNK -- YOU WANNA BE *TOP DOG* IN THIS JOINT, YOU BETTER START LISTENIN' TA THE ONE MAN WHO CAN MAKE THAT HAPPEN -- *AN' THAT'S ME.*

HAVE I MADE ONE WRONG MOVE YET?

UH... *NO...?*

THAT'S *RIGHT.* SO QUIT YER WHININ' AN' *GROW UP.*

HA-HA. *VERY FUNNY.*

-- AN' YEW BIGGITY-PIGGITY 'N ALL!

CALM DOWN, MAN! I'LL GET 'IM! DON'T WORRY!

NO WUH-REEZ. RECKON OY'LL 'ANDLE ME BIZBO...

NO WAY. YOU CLIP TOMBSTONE AN' GET TOSSED IN THE HOLE, THEN I LOSE CONTROL OF THE WHOLE FREAKIN' BLOCK! I EXPLAINED THIS TO YOU BEFORE!

WE GOTTA FIGURE OUT HOW TO DO IT BEFORE HE GOES OFF FOR SURGERY, 'CUZ AFTER THAT, THEY'LL KEEP HIM ON THE CONVALESCENT WARD -- MAYBE EVEN TRANSFER HIM.

BLUDDY TRANSFAH!

BLUDDY ABBO'S PUT ME PUHSONAL PROID INNA BOGGO, OY! ME MOITS' A THINKIN' OY'M SHEELA 'N NAWT BLUDDY MENCHININ' BEENGO'IN' ME 'OT RAWD!

LOOK, I SAID I'D TAKE CARE OF IT, DIDN'T I? I DON'T CARE IF WE DO HAVE A DEAL, I'M NOT GONNA TAKE THIS CRAP OFFA CONVICT! NOW JUS' CALM YER FREAKIN' NERVES AN' HEAD TA CHOW, DOUBLE-TIME!

-GULP-

...PLEASE?

KANGAROO!

SANGESE SENT ME -- SAID THAT IF YOU WANNA GET AT TOMBSTONE, *NOW'S* THE TIME. HE'S PREPPED FOR SURGERY, DOPED UP ON ANESTHESIA, AND SHACKLED TO A GURNEY IN A HOLDING CELL OUTSIDE THE DISPENSARY.

GIMPY HAHT 'N ALL -- BI' O' BUTCHERIN, *ROIGHT?* FIGGAH'S *LOCKIED,* OY?

UH...?

YAH... IT'S *LOCKED DOWN...* BUT YOU CAN GET IN THERE THROUGH A *HEATING VENT* IN THE HALL OUTSIDE THE WEIGHT ROOM -- *STRAIGHT SHOT.*

IT'S A *TIGHT* FIT, BUT YOU CAN MAKE IT IF YOU HOLD YOUR BREATH.

CHEERY. SO'S OY'M *IN* THREW CHUTIE, *OUT* LOIK POOTIE, ROIGHT? NUNNA WOIZAH AN' SHOY'LL BE *APPLES!*

UH...?

CHEAHS!

ONE DOWN...

...ONE TO GO.

OH, LADIES!

BLANG

CROIKEY...

SQUEEE

OY...

OY!

-- AT NO POINT SHOULD TOMBSTONE BE LEFT ALONE WITH THE MED STAFF, UNDERSTAND? IN THE EVENT OF --

WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU, McKENNA?

I'M FINE, SIR. I JUST -- OOOH!

DAMN, SON -- GO DO YOUR BUSINESS AND GET BACK HERE, DOUBLE-TIME!

PFLARRT

I ALREADY DID, SIR! I THINK IT MIGHT BE ALL THAT CABBAGE I ATE FOR LUNCH...

OOPS! THINK I BETTER HEAD TO THE LOCKER ROOM, AFTER ALL...

OH, FOR THE LOVE OF --

DON'T WORRY, WARDEN...

...I'LL TAKE McKENNA'S POST -- ROOKIE PROB'LY WOULD'A GOT SEASICK, ANYWAY.

FINE. GOOD. WONDERFUL.

McKENNA, GO TO THE DISPENSARY AND GET YOURSELF TAKEN CARE OF BEFORE THE INMATES SEE YOU -- IT'S DISGRACEFUL.

YES, SIR... THANK YOU, SIR. OOOP!

PFLARRT

OY! IS'MBODY THEAH? 'ELP A BLOKE OUT, ROIGHT?

OH, MY...

OY'M BLUDDY PLUGGO'D, MOIT! GRABBO ME ANKLIES, ROIGHT? MEBBE A SMEARIN' 'O LUBIE IVVIS 'ANDY?

NOW THAT'S FUNNY...

WHAT'S HE SAYING, ANYWAY?

NOT SURE, EXACTLY... BUT HE IS DEFINTELY FLIRTING WITH YOU THIS TIME.

WELL... OBVIOUSLY...

WHAT ARE YOU SMILIN' ABOUT?

WELCOME TO THE MAINLAND, GENTS!

CIVILIAN AUTHORITIES ON SITE -- ROLL OUT!

HIS HEART RATE'S PICKING UP...

...SHOULDN'T WE BE *CONCERNED* ABOUT THIS?

NOT AT ALL. IF WE DEPRESS HIS SYSTEM TOO MUCH, HE'LL *NEVER* COME OUT OF ANESTHESIA.

DON'T *WORRY*, BOYS...

HE STARTS TO GET *UPPITY*, YOU JUST LET *ME* HANDLE IT.

ETA TO HOSPITAL: ELEVEN MINUTES. KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, GENTLEMEN...

PSST. IF YOU PLAN ON TRYIN' ANYTHING, *NOW* WOULD BE THE TIME T'DO IT. HELL, MIGHT AS WELL -- 'CUS JUST BETWEEN YOU AN' ME...

...ONLY *ONE* OF US IS GETTIN' OUTTA THIS AMBULANCE *ALIVE*.

RED CAR, THIS IS CHOPPER ONE! UP AHEAD -- WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?!

WHAT --?!

RED CAR! EVASIVE ACTION!

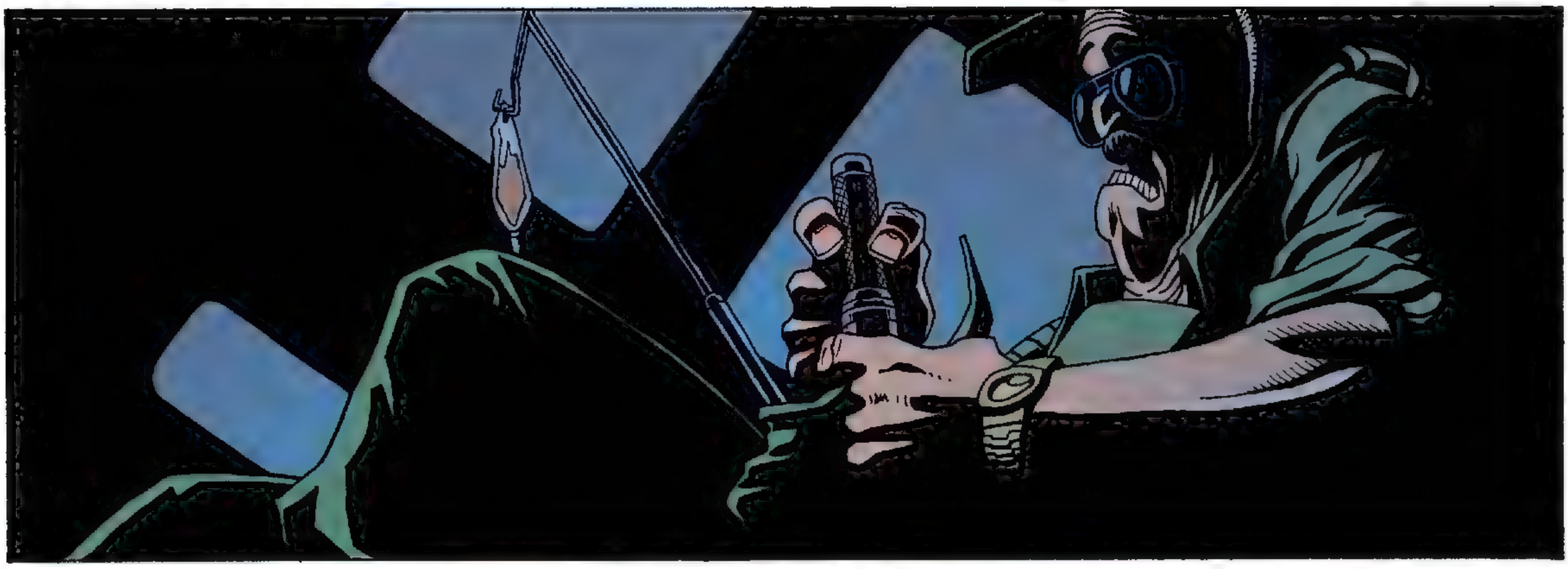
OH, CRAP! WHAT IS THAT?!

SKREEEEEEE

GAAH!

WHAT THE HELL'S GOIN' ON?!

HOLY %*&$%! LOOK OU --



CLICK

H-HELLO...?

WE'VE LOST RED CAR!

REPEAT: WE'VE LOST RED CAR!

POIT

CAN SOMEONE PLEASE TELL ME...

...WHAT THE *HELL* JUST *HAPPENED?*

SEVEN WEEKS LATER.

HELLO, "T".

WAS *WONDERIN'* WHEN YOU'D SHOW UP. THOUGHT MAYBE HE'D TRACKED YOU DOWN BY NOW.

WHO -- *SPIDER-MAN?* OH... NO. I BELIEVE HE'S CURRENTLY EMBROILED IN A BOUT WITH THAT OCTAVIUS FELLOW... OR WAS IT MYSTERIO...?

IN ANY CASE, FEARSOME THOUGH HE MAY BE, HE'S NO MATCH FOR THE ASTOUNDING POWERS AND INSURMOUNTABLE INTELLECT OF --

--THE SPOT!

I TRUST MY *PORTAL* TO SWITZERLAND WAS ACCURATE AND THE OPERATION WENT WELL...?

SMOOTH AS BUTTER.

DRINK?

OH, UH... NO, THANKS.

I'VE BEEN, UM, I'VE BEEN *THINKING*... YOU KNOW, ABOUT HOW YOU COULD *HELP ME OUT?*

WHAT?

YOU... YOU SAID YOU'D HELP ME OUT... IF I DID WHAT YOU *TOLD* ME.

YEAH. I *HELPED YOU OUTTA PRISON.*

WELL... YES, YOU DID GET ME MY *PAROLE* -- AND I THEN *RECIPROCATED* BY USING MY POWERS TO *FACILITATE* YOUR *ESCAPE.*

THEN WE'RE EVEN.

LOOK, I -- I'M NOT TRYING TO, YOU KNOW, *SQUEEZE* YOU OR ANYTHING... JUST, YOU KNOW, *MAKE ME AN OFFER.*

I *DID.* THIRTY-YEAR-OLD SCOTCH. YOU DIDN'T TAKE IT.

BUT...

I'M JUS' *PLAYIN'* WITH YA, OHNN... *I'LL* TAKE CARE OF YA.

HEY, YA KNOW WHAT I MISSED MOST WHILE I WAS IN THERE WITH THOSE SAVAGES, LAID UP WITH A *BAD HEART?*

WHAT?

KRAK

KILLIN' PEOPLE...

...AND HARLEM.

DANIEL WAY
LEANDRO FERNANDEZ '02

End

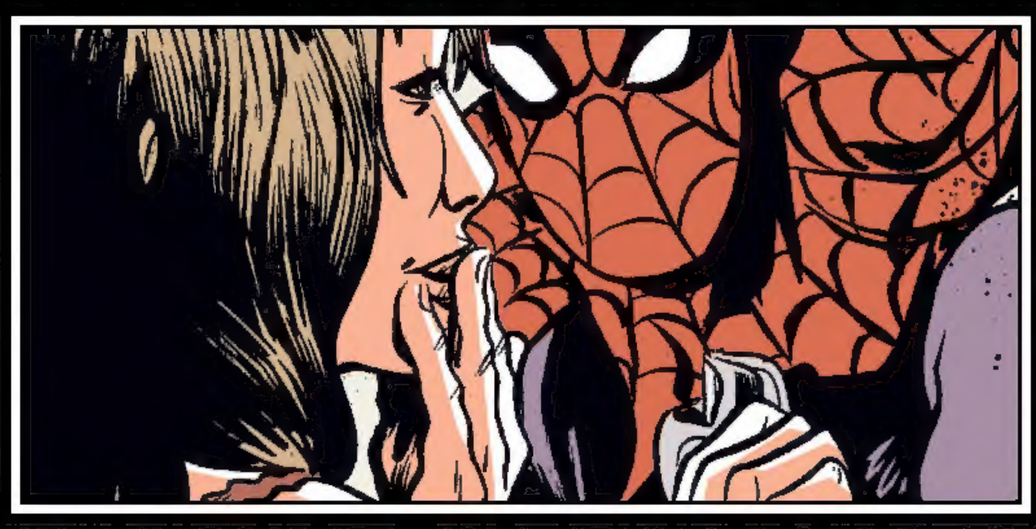
THE SHADOW OF SPIDER-MAN!

Pay a visit to the world-famous wall-crawler's not-so-friendly neighborhood as the most unique creators in comics spin stories of ordinary citizens and street-level super-villains caught in *Spider-Man's Tangled Web* ...

In high school, no one can hear you scream. Adolescent angst meets costumed crime in "I Was a Teenage Frogman" — written by **Zeb Wells** (*Wizard* magazine's Video Award winner) and illustrated by **Duncan Fegredo** (*Enigma*, *Ultimate Adventures*).

At the Bar With No Name, would-be masterminds and super-criminals of every stripe convene to lick their wounds and exchange stories of close encounters with a certain web-slinger. Writer **Ron Zimmerman** (*Howard Stern Show*, *Spider-Man: Get Kraven*) and artist **Sean Phillips** (*Hellblazer*, *Uncanny X-Men*) serve up "Double Shots."

Looking to cash in on his newfound abilities, the boy who would become Spider-Man stepped into the squared circle to face off against one of the most feared wrestlers in the business: Crusher Hogan. Grab a ringside seat for "The Last Shoot" — courtesy of writers **Brian Azzarello** (*100 Bullets*, *Startling Stories: Banner*) and WWE superstar **Raven**, and artist **Giuseppe Camuncoli** (*Swamp Thing*).



Thirteen-year-old Heather has a major-league crush on the web-spinning super hero who's got her father climbing the walls — literally. Seems Heather's old man has a few exoskeletons in his closet he'd just as soon put to use squashing his arch-rival, and what better time than the present? Writer/artist **Paul Pope** (*Heavy Liquid*) exposes "The Collaborator."

Captured after suffering a heart attack during a bank heist and consigned to an ultra-secure facility full to the rafters with the worst humanity has to offer, the albino enforcer called Tombstone must defend his honor — and his life — in "Heartbreaker," by **Daniel Way** (*Deathlok: Detour*) and **Leandro Fernandez** (*Queen and Country*).

COLLECTING *SPIDER-MAN'S TANGLED WEB #12-17.*

ALSO AVAILABLE: *SPIDER-MAN'S TANGLED WEB VOLS. 1 & 2.*

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